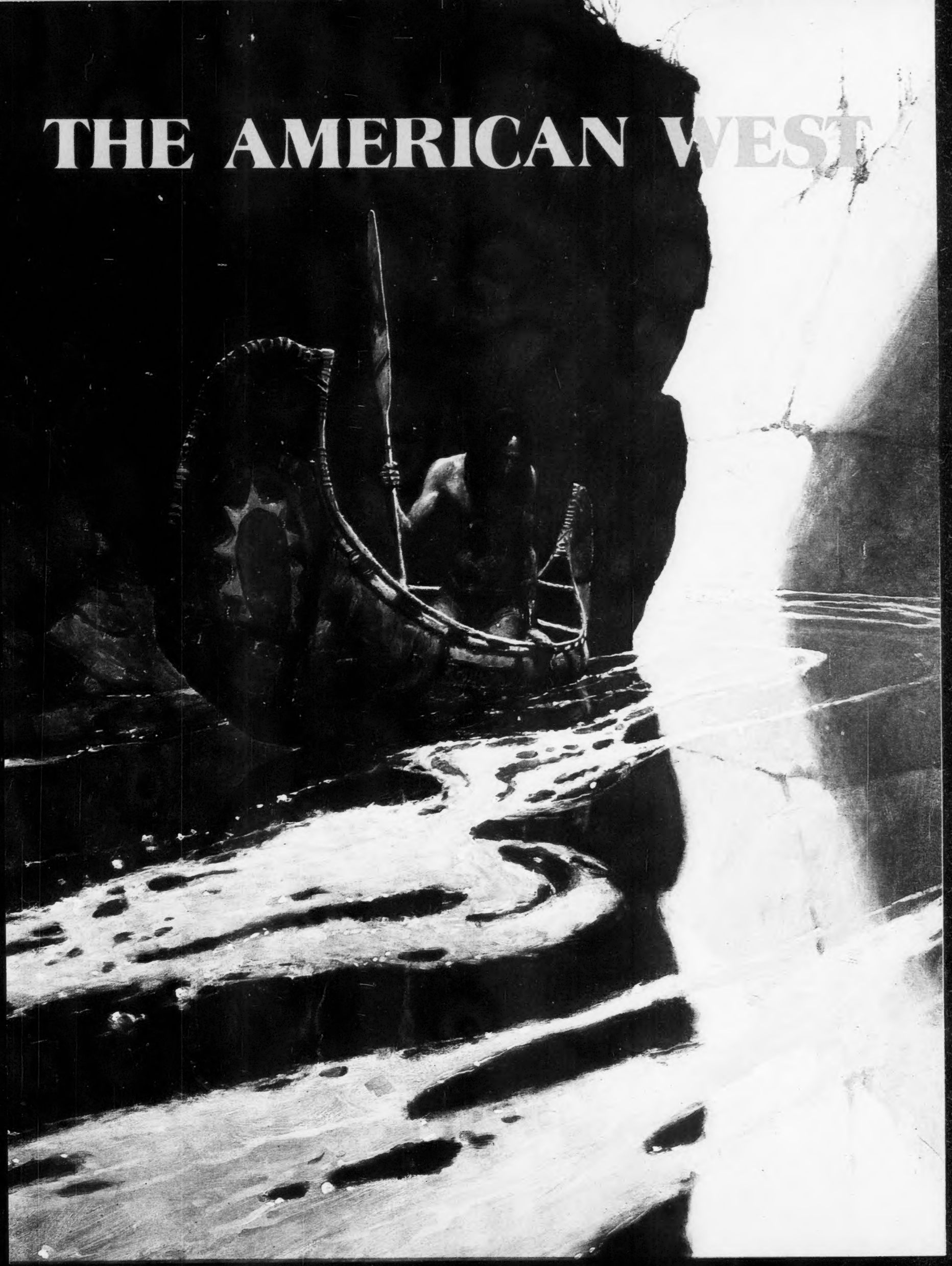
THE AMERICAN WEST



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In his 1907 oil In the Crystal Depths, *reproduced on the cover of this issue, painter/illustrator N. C. Wyeth (1882–1945) created a romantic, idealized image of the Native American as he existed before contact with the outside world.* In the Crystal Depths *was one of several Wyeth paintings which collectively became known as the "Solitude Series," and were described at the time as "depicting the American Indian in his native haunts, surrounded by the all-pervading mystery of Nature."*

COVER PAINTING REPRODUCED THROUGH COURTESY OF A PRIVATE COLLECTOR COPY PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY SHERMAN

At about the same time that Wyeth was producing his Solitude Series, Wisconsin-born Roland Reed (1864–1934) was pursuing a parallel course in photography. In fact, Reed's 1908 The Moose Call, *shown above, bears a striking resemblance to a Wyeth painting of the same name. While Wyeth's model was an Eastern Woodland Indian and Reed's a Minnesota Ojibway, the theme of man in harmony with his natural environment predominates in both. A portfolio of Reed's Indian photographs, along with an article based on his unpublished notes, begins on page 44 of this issue.*

REPRODUCED COURTESY OF KRAMER GALLERY AND STUDIO, SAINT PAUL COPYRIGHT 1908 BY ROLAND REED; COPYRIGHT 1977 UNDER U.C.C. BY KRAMER GALLERY

THOUGH SWISS PAINTER Frank Buchser (1828–1890) was one of the finest early artists to portray the western landscape, his work, now found almost exclusively in Swiss museums, is little known in America today. In the summer of 1866, during an extended stay in the United States, Buchser traveled west across the Great Plains as far as Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory. During the journey he kept his sketchbook constantly at hand, drawing both the vast and lonely prairie and the frontier people he encountered. Like many Europeans, Buchser was particularly fascinated by Indians, and at Fort Laramie, then a rough army encampment, he made such sketches as "Indian Camp at Laramie," pictured above. Returning east in the fall, he used his sketches as inspiration for a group of vivid canvases, some of which, along with a discussion of his life and work, appear on pages 22–31 of this issue.

THE AMERICAN WEST
THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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March/April 1978 Volume XV, Number 2

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PAGAN INTERLUDE

A New England woman's memories of an 1889 hunting trip with the Sioux –and its tragic ending

by Elaine Goodale Eastman,

edited by Kay Graber

ELAINE GOODALE, *a young woman of genteel New England upbringing, in 1886 opened a day school in a tiny, isolated village on the Great Sioux Reservation in Dakota Territory. Her action was prompted by her association with Samuel Chapman Armstrong, head of the famous Hampton Institute in Virginia and a leader in the Indian reform movement of the 1880s. Although Goodale was a published poet whose work had earned the praise of critics like Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Oliver Wendell Holmes, her parents had lacked the means to send her to college and she had accepted an offer from Armstrong, an old family friend, of a position in his missionary school.*

At Hampton, Goodale was assigned to the recently established Indian department—"a school within a school [for] classrooms and dormitories were entirely separate for the two dark races." She was soon enlisted in the cause of the "friends of the Indian," a group of eastern humanitarians who sought reform in the administration of Indian affairs. Sincerely believing that the Indians' only chance for survival lay in their acceptance of white culture, these reformers stressed education and conversion to Christianity and urged that the reservations be divided up into individual holdings. "It was a short step from verse suffused with serious purpose to prose animated by the zeal of a recent convert," Goodale later wrote. "I was overjoyed to find the columns of The Independent *and* The Christian Union, *leading journals of the day, hospitable to my budding enthusiasms. As an inexperienced girl of twenty, I did not hesitate a moment to enter the lists in public with reverend Senators and other solemn graybeards, who in those days regularly inveighed against the shocking waste of public funds in a futile attempt to civilize 'a horde of filthy savages.'"*

After three years at Hampton, Goodale, with remarkable energy and sense of purpose, decided to take education to the Sioux on their reservation in Dakota Territory. Within a few months after her arrival, her day school was flourishing, she was well on her way to mastering the Dakota dialect, and her descriptions of reservation life were appearing in eastern magazines and newspapers. Although she shared the general convictions of her white contemporaries about the superiority of their civilization, she had the rare ability to view her Indian friends sympathetically as complex human beings and to adopt aspects of their lifestyle that she found admirable.

In 1889, toward the end of her third year in the White River village, Goodale took the occasion of an old-time deer hunt to further her acquaintance with the "wilder" element. She wrote the following account, which is based heavily on her diary of the trip, in the 1930s.

This article is excerpted from Sister to the Sioux: The Memoirs of Elaine Goodale Eastman, 1885-91, *edited by Kay Graber and due to be published this spring by the University of Nebraska Press in their Pioneer Heritage Series.* *Copyright © 1978 by the University of Nebraska Press.*

In 1886, three years before the hunting trip described in this article, Elaine Goodale began teaching school on South Dakota's Great Sioux Reservation. Here she poses, third from left, with her staff and some Sioux neighbors.

WHIRLING HAWK, an unreconstructed old pagan from the other side of White River, was planning to hunt for several weeks in the sand hills of Nebraska, the nearest point where large game might be found. I knew his two wives slightly. They were sisters as was customary when a man took more than one wife. I approached them as soon as school was out, and had no little difficulty in persuading them to carry my tent and baggage and to allow me to ride alongside on my pacing pony. They explained over and over that they might be gone a long time, and that I shouldn't like it at all—that I didn't know, in short, what I was letting myself in for. However, I persisted, paid cash in advance for the coveted privilege, and bought a supply of provisions which I turned over to the elder Mrs. Whirling Hawk. I took my meals with the family and shared alike with them throughout the journey.

The other four men of the party were middle-aged conservatives. All but one wore long hair and Indian dress; none spoke any English; and one was a well-known medicine man—always the spearhead of opposition to the "new way." Two of the younger women usually rode with me; the others, with their children and household gear, filled five covered wagons. The cavalcade was followed by several loose colts and a rabble of noisy dogs. Sioux women ride astride, but I clung to the Victorian side-saddle, even in the wilderness.

My outfit had already crossed the river and been stowed in the cabin of my respective host when his young wife, Esther, came for me on a morning of pouring rain. She was a pert, upstanding girl of about eighteen—he probably a man in his fifties. Characteristically paying no attention to the weather, they brought up my pony and helped me ford the rapidly rising stream, themselves wading waist-deep in the milky flood. We partially dried ourselves at the kitchen stove and lunched enjoyably on hot baked potatoes and baked pumpkin. There was no thought of postponing the start. "We set off about mid-afternoon" (so runs my penciled diary), "over roads which are simply shocking, and camp a few miles out at *Chanshoka*—Thick Woods creek. In the course of half an hour, we are cozily ensconced on dry blankets, spread upon pine boughs to keep out some of the wet, before a bright fire in the middle of the tipi, talking and laughing over a good supper of toasted jerked beef, bacon, hot biscuit, potatoes, eggs, and coffee. The women of our party exchange ceremonious visits, all bringing presents of food. One gives some onions, another wild cherries. I return these favors with coffee and sugar, which are coveted luxuries. Presently we all go to sleep, and with a good fire and plenty of blankets I pass a very comfortable night."

It remained for the next day to discover that we had with us one woman shortly expecting a baby and an old man so feeble that he more than half expected to die on the road. Apparently, no one thought it strange or unsuitable that these two should embark on a rough and laborious journey! Nor was this all. One Crooked Foot and his elder wife—who turned out to be a trouble-maker—indulged in a furious quarrel and it took our united efforts to prevail upon the angry woman not to set off at once, on foot, for the home of relatives a hundred miles away.

JOHN A. ANDERSON COLLECTION, NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Sioux deer-hunting party that Elaine Goodale joined in the summer of 1889 used wagons and tepees much like those pictured above during their weeks-long journey through the sandhill region of Nebraska.

After my first full day on horseback I was stiff and very sleepy and, in fact, fell asleep before supper was ready. I ate and slept again. Later in the night there arose a cry: "Someone comes!" Immediately all bestir themselves; the coals are raked together; the coffee pot set back on the fire; and the solitary traveler on his way back from Rosebud is welcomed with supper and a smoke.

Chasing Crane, as he is called, is full of a strange story of the second coming of Christ.

"God," he declares, "has appeared to the Crows across the Stony Mountains. They say he arrived out of nowhere, announcing himself as the Savior who once before came upon earth and was killed by the white people. He told the Indians he could no longer bear to hear parents crying for their children, dying everywhere of hunger and strange diseases brought by white men. He promised to let down the sky upon all the whites and to bring back the buffalo for our use. The Messiah was beautiful to look upon, with waving hair. He bore paint as a sign of power."

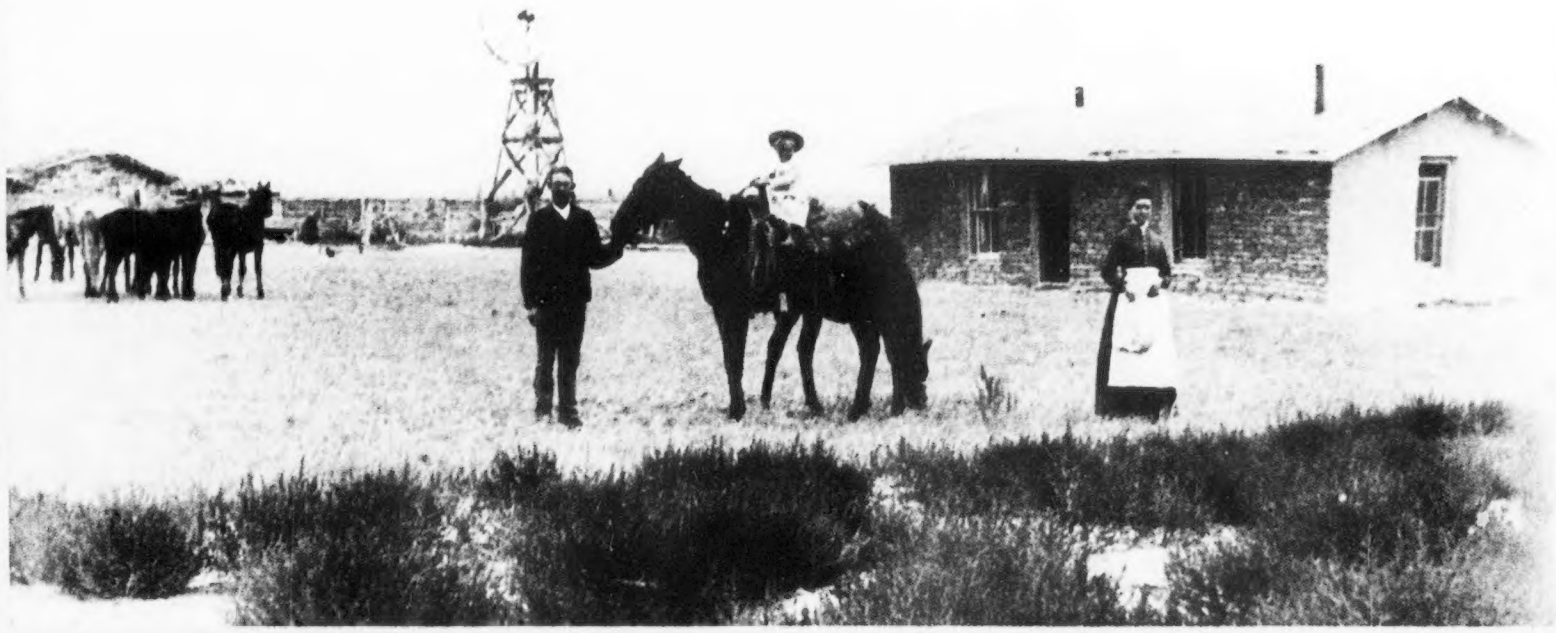
All listened spellbound as to a revelation from heaven to these words out of the night and the vast empty spaces. Presently the men prepared a vapor bath (which had for them a religious as well as a hygienic meaning), and I fell asleep once more to the soothing, monotonous beat of ritual songs—never dreaming of the strange and cruel events destined to grow out of Chasing Crane's fantastic story [the rise of the Ghost Dance religion, and, ultimately, the Wounded Knee Massacre].

The next night brought a violent thunderstorm with a gale of wind. Although everything had been made as snug as possible—tent pins driven in firmly and poles well braced—the tipi seemed about to collapse upon our heads. We all sat up. The women silently stirred the fire and the old man smoked steadily—perhaps as a sacrifice to the spirits, perhaps merely to keep his courage up. Indians are fearful and superstitious about many things, among them the "thunder-bird" with fiery beak. I recall another furious storm on the prairies where a number of us were camping together. Suddenly the night was filled with the wailing that means death. A woman in a nearby tent had been instantly killed with zig-zag burns, they told me, down all one side from shoulder to heel.

By the fourth or fifth day of wilderness travel, we began to pass an occasional sod shanty with stable of the same, a stack of wild hay, and a few rods of wire fencing—the rustic homestead of some pioneer Nebraskan. Gaunt women, in ugly calico frocks and sunbonnets, came to their doors to stare at us with natural curiosity. Making camp at night near a small settlement, we were hardly up in time next morning to meet the visitors, all eager to see what they could, to ask questions, to try to "make a trade."

Our people had little to offer except some beadwork and a few superfluous garments from the last issue. The sandhillers persistently tried to tempt them with offers of broken-down hacks and worthless old shotguns. Horse racing was the favorite sport of both parties. Neither had any cash to speak of and efforts to communicate by signs were sufficiently funny. I was constantly pressed into service as interpreter, but reserved the right to decline when I disapproved of the business in hand.

SOLOMON D. BUTCHER COLLECTION, NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



The homesteaders Elaine Goodale and her Sioux comrades met on their trip were friendly and eager to trade with the Indians. Typically, their homes were of sod, like the one in this 1890 photograph taken near Mitchell, Nebraska.

There was a small store in the place and the men sold the moccasins off their feet in their eagerness to buy ammunition, rope, tobacco, and coffee. There was some difficulty about the first, possibly a local law against sale to Indians. Ranchmen brought us chickens, eggs, and green corn, and we made a delicious meal. The men were urged to give a dance but Nebraskans couldn't raise enough money to tempt them.

A wistful-eyed young man from a forlorn "soddy" lingered near our tipi after the others had gone, indulging in long confidences about himself, his family back home, and his growing herd. A bachelor of twenty-seven, he lamented his lonely life on the claim and wound up by asking, shyly enough, if I would be willing to correspond with him. I had been assured everywhere, no doubt with truth, that "it's hard for a girl to stay single in this country." Love laughs at dictionaries, and my two "sisters," sitting close by, were openly amused by what they interpreted as a budding romance. I was relieved to know that my bashful caller, evidently on his good behavior, could not translate their too frank comments. Though I've forgotten his name, I dare say he is long since a solid citizen—perhaps a cattle king!

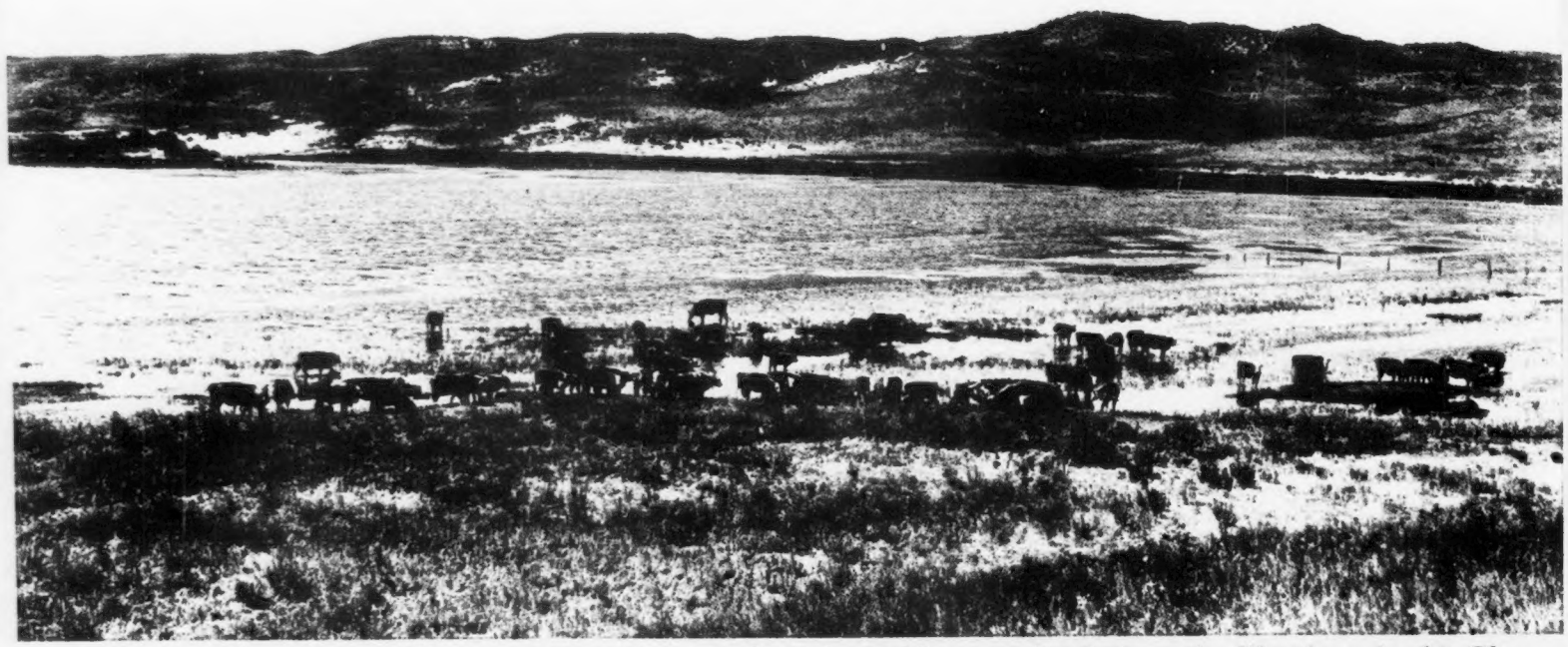
The courage of these pioneers, most of them used to comparative comfort "back east"—by which they usually meant Iowa or Illinois—might have had a stronger appeal for me had I not been already identified with the cause of the dispossessed red man. I thought a "soddy" far less attractive than a log cabin. They were built of bricks about three feet long, cut from the virgin sod, the best ones roofed and floored with rough boards, a few even lined with cotton cloth. I was told that a man alone could put up one of the primitive kind in a week.

The Sioux were on the whole living better at the time and showed some contempt for the white man's poverty. Corn and cattle seemed to be the main dependence, though here and there were gardens filled with tempting vegetables. Some women confessed that they had lived for weeks on literally nothing but cornbread and gravy, or perhaps mush and milk: I saw lace curtains, framed photographs, and a copy of Moore's *Poems* in a wretched one-room hut, occupied by several barefoot children and a hollow-eyed little mother, refined in speech and manner, though shoeless and in rags.

At a large hay camp, the sturdy young sister of the ranchman seemed well content. She spent the nights, or some of them, on her own claim close by, and the days herding her brother's cattle and helping him make hay. They invited me to dine with them on green corn and boiled pumpkins. After which I rode with the girl to her shack and we drove home the cows. My diary comments: "They live in a wretched shanty, but are nice people."

AT EVERY STREAM or pond we bathed and washed our clothes—with soap, if we had it. The loose Dakota dress permits of dressing and undressing in the open without exposure, since a dry frock is simply put over the wet one on coming out of the water, and the latter slipped off underneath. I found the Dakotas far more cleanly under

U.S. CONSERVATION AND SURVEY; NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Goodale found the cowboys she encountered "mannerly and good-humored." Their cattle, like those in this Cherry County, Nebraska, photo, were "massed on the shores of a large alkali lake" and sounded "like distant thunder."

primitive conditions than are most of us habitual house-dwellers when camping out. I lived and slept within a few feet of them for weeks at a time, yet never saw a Sioux woman take off all her clothes or indeed expose any part of her body. While nursing her baby, the breast was completely concealed by the wide sleeve. This Dakota dress—which I myself wore much of the time on the trip—is, I believe, the most modest ever devised. The men were more scantily clad—occasionally in no more than is considered proper on a modern bathing beach—but they, too, were decently covered at all times.

Nearing the Niobrara River, called "Running Water" by the Sioux, we reached a seemingly impassable canyon, bristling with pines. The men literally carved a rough road around rocks and stumps, and the loaded wagons descended slowly but in safety. Women and children eagerly gathered spruce gum and wild cherries, or hunted for *teepsinna,* a fibrous root with a sweetish taste, described by an early explorer as "halfway between a turnip and a mushroom." It may be eaten raw or boiled with meat. The men found some red willow and stripped the aromatic bark, which is dried and mixed with tobacco for a satisfying smoke.

We found a courageous widow living in a log hut right on the river bank, with her large family of little ones. We made friends at once and I baked a large batch of biscuit in her oven while Whirling Hawk bargained for one of her litter of piglings, which was quickly dressed and roasted whole for an excellent supper. My diary constantly stresses this matter of food, always of first importance when one gets down to the bare essentials of living. I know it was constantly in our thoughts, whether consisting of wild game as new to me as badger, skunk, and mud turtle, or mere bread and coffee—even when the coffee had run out, of tea made from wild mint or rose-hips or the leaves of some bush known to the Indians. Meat was scarce and we had not as yet seen any deer.

Pressing steadily on through a land of sunshine, sand, and sunflowers, the crests of the low hills appeared white as snow, while elsewhere the ground was sparsely clothed with thin grass. There were no trees, nor even bushes, except the sand cherry, a low shrub covered with astringent black fruit the size of a small plum. The Sioux had an odd saying that it was eatable only if approached against the wind. The dead roots and branches, together with cow chips, provided our only fuel, making it necessary to cook over a very small fire. Between the Loup and the Platte, the Dismal [River and Blue Creek], we found no water except small lakes strongly impregnated with alkali, and the occasional wells at ranches and railway stations. Not only was the alkali water unfit to drink by man or beast, but when I once ventured on a bath in such a pond the color all came out of my bright blue frock and my skin burned for hours after.

One day, as we crawled languidly over the unmarked prairie in the July heat, I was startled to see men and boys leap suddenly from their seats and race ahead of the wagons, yelling and throwing off their clothes as they ran. Surely, I thought, there could be no enemy in sight! Soon, all were dashing into a shallow pond, madly chasing a flock

Shortly after the deer hunt, Elaine Goodale became the supervisor of Sioux education. During her travels between schools, she, along with her Sioux driver and his wife, journeyed in this mountain wagon and camped out in tepees.

of half-grown wild ducks, not yet able to fly. Screaming with joy, they plunged after the terrified birds as they dove and rose and dove again, finally seizing and wringing their necks and casting them triumphantly on shore. Several women and girls followed the men into the water, while for my own part I sat on the muddy bank and laughed until I could laugh no more. It was all so gay and so perfectly spontaneous, even to plucking the ducks (saving the down for pillows), and putting them at once over the fire for an impromptu feast.

The women now took their turns at driving the teams, while the five men scoured the hills on horseback, impatiently looking for game. "The long-expected event" (I wrote one night in my diary), "Whirling Thunder brings home booty—a female antelope—the skin and pretty head hanging from one side of the saddle, the meat from the other. He is handed a cup of coffee and his pipe, and gravely offers thanks to the spirits before smoking. His wives divide the venison among the five families, eagerly devouring the raw liver and tripe. In ten minutes, I have lightly broiled and am eating my portion of the former, and a great pot of venison is on the fire. We are meat-hungry, and it tastes good! Presently, the unsuccessful hunters appear and are invited to supper. Hot broth and coffee, great dishes of smoking meat, filled pipes, and long reminiscences of other days fill a merry evening around the fire in the big tent."

It was the invariable custom to share the fruits of the chase equally, or nearly so, and whatever provision might be bought or begged on the way usually met the same fate. All fared alike—the lucky and the unlucky, the energetic and the lazy—though not, as will appear later, without some complaints. When plenty reigned we all feasted, and in times of scarcity we fasted together, nor would any other arrangement have been possible under those conditions. Constant activity in the open air and a few days of short commons so sharpened our appetites that the savory smell of a haunch of tender venison, turning slowly on a stick over a fine bed of coals, was an almost unendurable temptation. Once I was left to watch such a roast alone when some mysterious alarm was given and all the others vanished suddenly for what seemed a long time. It was long enough, they always declared, for the dinner to be half gone when they came back. Indians dearly love to "rag," and we never met again in after years but that I was joyously reminded of this more or less fictitious incident.

The women's labors were many and cheerfully performed. I have never seen them treated as "slaves" or "beasts of burden," but always as equals and companions. They laughed and chatted freely with husbands and near relatives—especially brothers-in-law, with whom a certain jesting familiarity was permitted—advised and scolded them much as women do their menfolk all over the world. It was certainly no hardship for them to fetch the wood and water, take down and put up the tipi, or even water and harness the ponies upon occasion—though this task was commonly assigned to the bigger boys. When the ordinary work of the camp was done, my Dakota "sisters" set about gathering, pounding, and drying wild cherries, picked mint

Continued on page 69

DRUMMER DAYS & NIGHTS

BOTH PAGES. KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DRUMMERS. Commercial travelers. Knights of the road. Whatever name they went by, these early-day sales agents were invariably eager, dapper, and proud to be part of a unique marketing effort in the West made both possible and necessary by the Industrial Revolution in the East.

The word *drummer* may have originated shortly after the American Revolution when a Philadelphia firm began sending agents to the frontier settlements to "drum up" business. But it wasn't until after the Civil War that the drummers began to outnumber the rainmakers, lightning-rod salesmen, windmill pushers, patent-medicine peddlers, subscription booksellers, illustrated-Bible touters, card-sharps, and other wayfarers on the closing frontier.

At this time distribution methods could not keep pace with the avalanche of new products tumbling out of the factories that lined New England's waterways. National advertising techniques were still undeveloped, as was buying on faith in a particular brand name. As a result, the only way eastern firms could introduce new items to scattered general-store owners in the West was through the employment of traveling sales agents.

Working on commission with all expenses paid plus salary, they would stalk the store owners ("Commercial travelers find their way where wolves won't dare to stray!"); sell them stock on the basis of samples displayed along with a feverish sales pitch; take their orders; and arrange for delivery of the goods.

Glamorous? Magazine ads soliciting new agents made it look that way. And by 1882, according to the *New York Times,* 95,000 of them were swarming across the states on 150,000 miles of gleaming new railroad lines. But it was never an easy way to make a living.

Armed with a sample trunk, a ready spiel, and a fat cigar, the early-day traveling sales agent "drummed up" business in the American West–and in the process acquired a colorful reputation

by Jeanne Schinto

Drummers were the first American salesmen to try mass marketing "luxuries," or, at any rate, items that were not exactly necessities: teacups, typewriters, hoop skirts, washing machines, pianos, and bicycles, for example. To the frontier merchant and his customers, however, these items were not simply frivolous but symbolic of a radically new and sometimes suspect life-style. To be successful, then, the drummer had to sell not only the items but the new values—leisure and convenience—that were behind them.

To complicate matters further, the early-day drummer arrived in his territory unannounced. He jangled the bell atop a shopkeeper's door without so much as a piece of promotional literature slipped beneath it in advance. But even if mail had been regular or telephones available, the drummer could not have told clients of his expected arrival time. Mercurial train schedules and other travel variables made predictions of that sort chancy at best. The only thing the drummer could do was shine his shoes on the back of his trousers and make a cold call on a customer.

Drummers denied that they were descended directly from Yankee peddlers. L. P. Brockett's *Commercial Travellers' Guide Book* (1881) states: "A commercial traveller is an agent or a representative of a manufacturer, importer, or other wholesale dealer, who procures and transmits orders for the goods of his principal, in quantity, by personal solicitation and exhibition of his samples. *He is not a peddler, for he carries no goods, makes no direct sales, and does business only with dealers, never with their customers.*" (Emphasis added.)

Drummers liked to think their spiritual ancestors were the British "bagmen" who displayed samples in eighteenth-century England. Or the "chapmen" who rode about colonial America on horseback, taking orders for London, Manchester, and Liverpool houses.

Never modest, many drummers had a tendency to ex-

Like the appliance and paint salesmen on the preceding two pages, the well-fed sewing machine agent below posed for a now-forgotten turn-of-the-century photographer in the alley behind Hill's Store in Russell, Kansas.

aggerate the importance of their profession. "It will be well for those who do not already realize it to know that the prosperity of the U.S. rests entirely upon the drummers, so far as businesses are concerned," wrote Wilbur Elijah Castelow in his memoir, *Only a Drummer* (1903). "And we are all very well aware," he went on, "that when there is no business, most everything else is at a standstill."

The National Salesman's Training Association concurred. In a 1907 pamphletted peptalk, they wrote, "The opportunity for rendering services in the sale of goods puts salesmanship at the head of the professions in usefulness to mankind. To sell a legitimate, useful article to a customer who would not have had the benefit of it without your bringing it to his attention is to do him a favor!"

Unfortunately, the drummer's business associates and road acquaintances—railroad conductors, hotel managers, and ordinary citizens—didn't fully appreciate the favor or hold the drummer in the same flattering light in which he held himself.

"There is a hazy idea existing in the minds of a very large portion of our population that these drummers form a very obnoxious species of human animal," wrote mowing-machine salesman Henry Horn, "being a sort of connecting link somewhere between a life insurance agent, book canvasser, lightning rod agent, or common peddler!"

Even Castelow, while touting the drummer's importance in the American economy, admitted: "There is no doubt but that a good many people honestly believe that a drummer spends most of his time on the road with women and blows in a very large portion of his salary on these same!"

Where did the drummer get his notorious reputation? Why was he pegged as a woman chaser, drinker, gambler, quidnunc, slick operator, and general rogue? Today, fifty years after the end of the drummer era, it now seems clear that it came about not only because of the drummer's own inimitable style of selling but also because of a pastiche of geographical, sociological, economic, and political factors that collided in the West of that period.

IN THE DAYS BEFORE DRUMMING, ordering stock had been a chore. Without fanfare, merchants would buy goods at the factories or at traveling factory outlet sales held annually in the larger towns.

It was the drummer's job to change that. But in order to make a sale (and, hopefully, get the merchant to buy more than he had intended), the drummer had to put the merchant in the right mood. And to do this, many drummers employed a little psychology.

Flattery, charm, wit. These verbal weapons, the drummer discovered, could lure the merchant into the hotel lobby where the samples were all set up and even induce him to place a generous order. Drummer Frank Tinello put the matter bluntly in *Pointers to Commercial Travelers*

BOTH PAGES: KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(1907): "Your success or failure to land orders . . . lies solely in your personal ability."

Here the drummer earned his reputation for talking customers to death (sometimes literally—as a few tombstone epitaphs of general-store owners attested). Jokes, stories, gossip, news. These the drummer would leave behind, like a trail of bread crumbs, wherever he went.

But if the drummer didn't have the verbal knack or the time to go the psychological route, there were always other ploys. Howard Wallace Peak describes his approach in *A Ranger of Commerce, or 52 Years on The Road* (1929).

"I commenced my career as a 'drummer' on the hurricane deck of a mustang horse," he wrote. "My accoutrements were packed in saddle bags across the cantle of my saddle. The Bible, flask, and six-gun that I carried in those days each served a distinct purpose. The two former were employed in approaching prospective customers. The latter was handy in case an Indian appeared." And although Peak vividly recalls the effectiveness of displaying the Bible at appropriate intervals, especially during encounters with prohibitionist or fundamentalist merchants, he is quick to point out that the flask was more often the handier prop.

Later, the custom of proffering the flask was institutionalized at the saloon. Merchants grew to expect to be treated before discussing business. ("With a number of my biggest customers," salesman Rube Borough wrote in 1908, "it is necessary for me to go out on a regular spree before I could make a sale.") And in retrospect, it is curious that the drummer, and not the merchant, was slapped with the boozer image. The drummer must have had to stay sober, in most cases, if only to see the line on which to write the merchant's order.

As if the drinking image weren't bad enough, the drinks also led to other complications for the drummer. Imagine what it was like for a customer to order goods while "under the influence" and receive them six months later while as sober as a temperance-league member. Often what had seemed like the greatest invention since the wheel at the saloon, looked more like the biggest folly since the combination sewing machine-pipe organ upon arrival. And if a fuzzy memory hadn't altered the shape of the goods, it was likely that primitive packaging methods had. In either case, the drummer was called a cheat for making lofty promises and was often chewed out on his next trip through a testy merchant's town.

It may have been in reaction to such irate merchants that drummers began

Good-naturedly parodying the notoriety of his profession, a nattily attired cream-separator salesman deftly embraces a pasteboard milkmaid with one hand while cradling a glass with the other.

Forty Days and Nights on the Road

Miles traveled	*2,250*
Number of sample trunks carried	*2*
Shown samples	*61*
Sold goods	*34*
Number of persons cheated	*34*
Tried to cheat	*61*
Been asked the news	*56*
Told the news	*3*
Lied	*33*
Didn't know	*20*
Been asked to drink	*11*
Drank	*11*
Got drunk	*11*
Changed politics	*17*
Changed religion	*3*
Been to church	*0*
Accompanied girls from church home	*17*
Girls flirted with	*42*
Agreed to marry	*2*
Expected trouble with	*1*
Kicked out of the house	*2*
Left by back door	*3*
Dodged railroad fare	*5*
Skipped out on hotel keepers	*4*
Cigars smoked	*200*
Goods sold for rival firms	*$5600*
Commissions from rival firms	*$280*
Salary ($6/day/40 days)	*$240*

A fictitious forty-day log compiled by retired mowing machine sales agent Henry Horn and published in his 1882 memoirs, Drumming as a Fine Art.

Two dapper, up-to-the-minute tobacco salesmen stand proudly beside their well-polished automobile, a decidedly more flashy mode of transport that by the 1920s was fast replacing both the train and the old-time drummer who rode it.

PENNELL COLLECTION, UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS

to employ a dubiously successful technique—poking fun at themselves. The stories and jokes they told on each other are sprinkled through the mountain of books and magazine articles the drummers wrote upon retirement. Henry Horn's fictitious drummer's log, which appears on the opposite page, is a product of the practice. But while the jabs may have loosened up tight-lipped or tight-fisted merchants, they also spread the drummers' already roguish reputation.

Probably the best-known jokes the drummers told at their own expense are the ones about the farmer's daughter. There are endless variations on the same bawdy theme. The salesman, it goes, while moving from town to town, stops at a farmhouse and asks for a meal, an afternoon nap, or a place to stay the night. The farmer is amenable, we are told, because the drummer has such a charming personality. Once inside the farmhouse, however, the salesman discovers to his lonely eye's delight, the farmer's attractive daughter, or in her absence, his voluptuous wife. The action proceeds from there, leading to the inevitable chase scene with the shot-gun-wielding farmer pursuing the salesman, who is hopping over fences, his sample case dragging behind him.

How the jokes evolved is difficult to say—especially since there exists so much evidence that the drummer actually spent many long, lonely evenings loitering in hotel lobbies, playing cards and listening to some other drummer's woes or twirling his moustache between his fingers while thinking about his faraway wife and children.

For example, alluding to the many nights spent miles away from the nearest feather bed, his own or otherwise, drummer J. S. Dearing advises in *A Drummer's Experiences* (1913), "All men who think of taking up the profession of selling goods on the road should take lessons from some correspondence school as to the best method of coiling up in a chair, or on a bench in a railroad station to get some sleep."

Even more to the point, clothing salesman Victor Jacobs describes his "accommodations" in Port Aransas, Texas, while en route to New Mexico, Nevada, and other points west in *Thirty Years of Ups and Downs as a Commercial Traveler* (1911). He had stopped at the farmhouse of a family of five which had only two beds. Jacobs recalls: "One bed was to be occupied by the wife and husband, and the other was intended for their three boys. But that night the bed did service for four. In the middle of the bed I prepared my weary bones, on either side of me was one of the boys, and, at the foot, was the youngest, keeping our feet warm."

But given the volume of evidence that counters it, why does this piece of the myth prevail? It has probably been buoyed up by many a drummer's own loneliness-provoked illusions, as well as the cavalier attitude of a few. Drummer Peak, one of the cynics, tells us, "A drummer had about the same position of ease among the belles in the country

Making his pitch, a drummer extols a new line of fountain pen to a turn-of-the-century Portland, Oregon, stationery-store proprietor. In the background, a skeptical customer observes the proceedings.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

hamlets that a Negro porter wearing a pullman uniform, had among the dusky maids along the routes that he traversed." But the sleeping-car porter's mythological promiscuity is just as much in need of historical adjustment as the drummer's.

As a result, whichever trend constituted the reality—Jacobs's or Peak's—no one can say. For every boaster like Peak, however, there were two like Jacobs with tales of hard times.

Moreover, many drummers administered doses of preventive medicine designed to ward off the temptations their unsuspecting brethren might meet on the road. Speaking before the Boston Young Men's Christian Union in 1874 on "Traveling Salesmen: Their Opportunities and Their Dangers," for example, William Baldwin delivered these no-fail words of advice. "Never, never, my young friends," he said, "go into any company of the other sex where you would not gladly welcome the unexpected presence of your dear mother or sister!"

And finally, one summer day in Wisconsin in 1899, there emerged the Gideons, whose national missionary effort still goes on: Gideon Bibles, found on hotel-room nightstands all over the country, are there for "the spiritual interests of 'men of the road.' "

THESE, then, were the factors, inherent in the business of drumming, that tarnished the drummer's national image. But along with his dubious reputation, the drummer faced other problems as well.

To begin with, a xenophobic fear of travelers had overtaken many newly established American pioneer families —tired of traveling themselves—by the 1880s. They had been duped too many times by gamblers, horse traders, and other itinerant types who, confident in the knowledge that no quick means of communication existed between towns, went from place to place with little fear of being caught. A drummer rolled into new territory much like these sorts—unannounced, without appointments, and sometimes wearing the same cocky smile.

On the other hand, distrust of drummers may have actually been distrust of the gentile ways of the East and the eastern firms these drummers represented, the newfangled commodities they were selling, and industrialization in general.

Then there was the most pragmatic bias of all—the bare economics of the situation. Restrictive licensing laws were enacted in many states due to resentment over the fact that drummers didn't pay taxes where they sold. The laws were also designed to encourage the establishment of factories in places other than New England. In 1871, however, the Supreme Court ruled that licensing laws were unconstitutional because they impeded interstate commerce. But cases dealing with essentially the same issue emerged periodically after that anyway. In the 1880s, Texas, like many other states, passed a law taxing "drummers, fortune tellers, cockfighters, and clairvoyants." It, too, was repealed, but not before the drummer's collective image (and ego) had been dealt another blow by association.

It was the drummer's close relationship with the rail-

NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

roads, however, that finally clinched both his bad reputation and his demise.

In the early days of rail, the drummer traveled more consistently than any other class of Americans—whether business or pleasure bent. Their massive patronage, however, did not produce happy shouts about increased revenues, but, rather, a long-standing feud between the drummers and the railroads. Well-publicized by court cases and congressional hearings, the feuds involved the drummers' demands for preferential treatment (including reduced rates) as well as the railroads' prejudices against the drummers' allegedly wicked ways.

Notwithstanding the feud, however, drummer patronage engendered positive results: their heavy use of the railroads hurried improvements and expansion not only of passenger service but of freight service as well, due to the tons of stock drummers shipped to their merchant-customers.

Ironically, however, it was these advances in rail technology, coupled with improvements in other modes of transportation and communication, which in the 1920s ended the drummer's role in the national distribution of products.

Oh, there were traveling salesmen after that, of course —hundreds of thousands of them. But for that particular species—the great American drummer—the train had stopped. And when the automobile came into prominence in the 1930s as the most efficient way for the slick "scientific" home-based sales agents to travel, only a few old-timers remained, riding the trains with a shoe shine, a good story, and a fat cigar. **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

In the Library of Congress there is a drawerful of catalog cards listing drummers' diaries, journals, tracts, guidebooks, reminiscences, and harangues. Some of the best written and most informative (which is not to say factual) are Herbert Casson's *Tips for Traveling Salesmen* (New York: C. Forbes, 1927); Wilbur E. Castelow's *Only a Drummer: A Short History of the Traveling Salesman's Life* (published by the author, 1903); Alexander Emerson Belcher's *What I Know About Commercial Traveling: Who We Are, What We Do, and How We Do It* (Toronto: Hunter, Rose, 1883); Henry A. Horn's *Drumming as a Fine Art* (New York: G. W. Carelton, 1882); Victor Jacobs's *Thirty Years of Ups and Downs of a Commercial Traveler* (Chicago, 1911); and Howard Wallace Peak's *A Ranger of Commerce* (San Antonio: Naylor, 1929).

The best basic histories of American business—that is, those placing the drummer in the larger picture which he himself could rarely see—are *The Enterprising Americans* by John Chamberlain (New York: Harper & Row, 1963) and Penrose Scull's *From Peddlers to Merchant Princes* (Chicago: Follet, 1967).

Jeanne Schinto *is a Washington D.C. based writer who specializes in historical topics of contemporary interest. She writes regularly for several national publications.*

Drumming was never an easy life: long days in dusty trains (opposite) were often followed by dreary evenings in strange hotel lobbies far from home.

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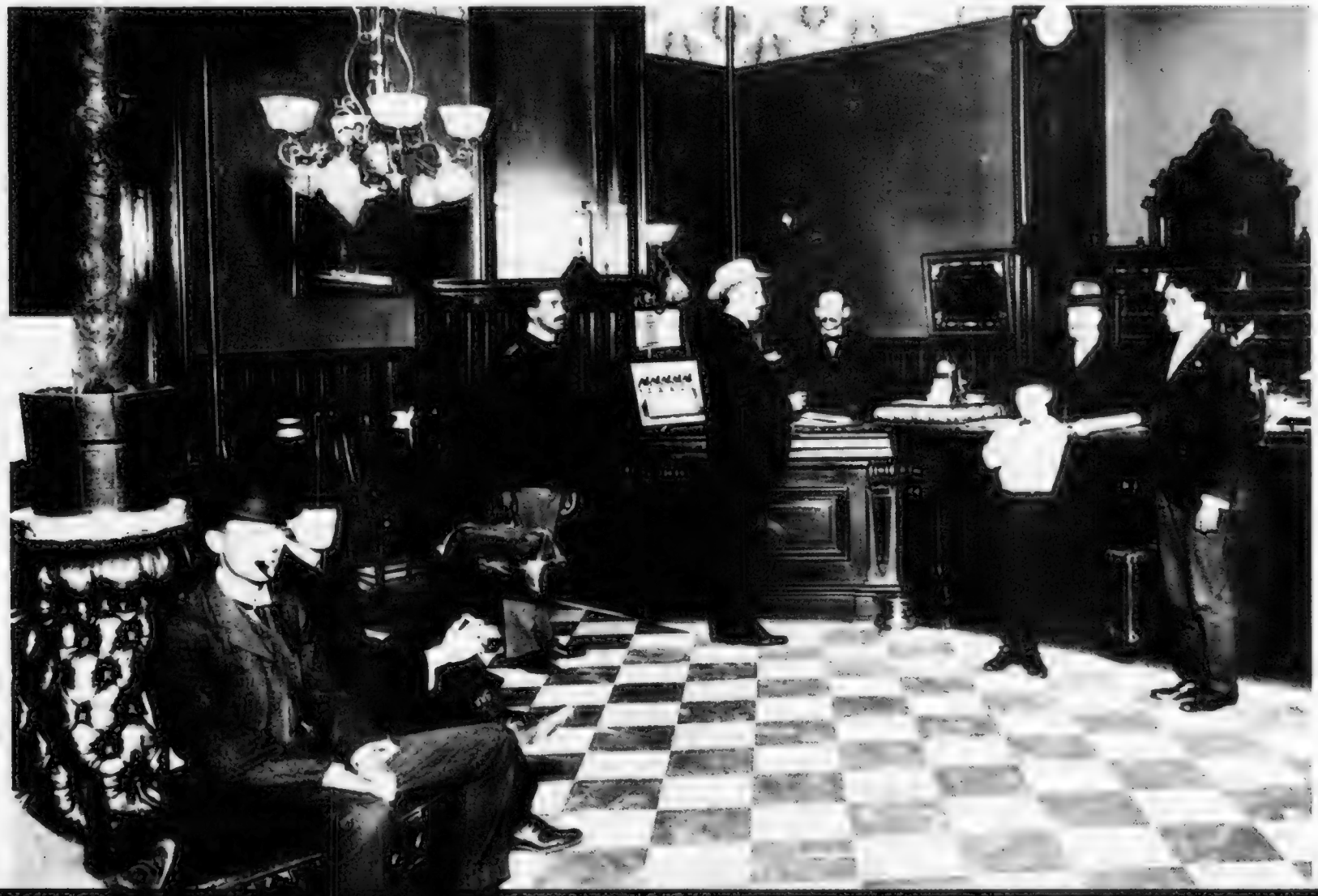

The Green & the Gold

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY

by Brian McGinty

EARLY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, an Irish priest, returning from a pilgrimage to Rome, happened on a Christian church somewhere in the remote deserts of Tunisia. At the church, the priest was greeted by a sun-bronzed patriarch, a seer who told him of a strange vision. "I behold," said the patriarch, "a great exodus from the confines once known as Hibernia, a million of her distracted natives leaving their thatched cabins on the fens and the moors, and dragging their emaciated forms to the western shores, and there the tall-masted ships bear them over the wide bosom of the ocean called Atlantic. . . . And I see out on the western coast of America, where nature smiles the whole year through, a glorious new empire spring into existence as if by magic, where there is golden treasure in the hills if they but dig for it, and wealth in the valleys if they but nourish and harvest it."

Because the priest was an Irishman, he was neither surprised nor unsettled by this fanciful North African vision. The Irish have been mystics, visionaries, and dreamers at least as long as they have been warriors and saints. Far away from the knobby summit of Tara of the Kings and the murky waters of the River Liffey, they have carried their faith in spirits and wraiths, their mystical trust in the shadowy forces that transcend the here and now and commune with the heretofore and the hereafter, to remote corners of the civilized and uncivilized earth.

Visions have a way of becoming realities—or so it seems to believers. And for the Irish, at least, the pioneer experience in Western America was in many respects a vision come true, for the treasures they found on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada and along the sandy shore of the Pacific were only slightly less wonderful than those described by the North African seer.

The Irish migration to California in the 1850s was part of a much larger movement that swept

Rogues and adventurers, poets and politicians, miners and laborers–the irrepressible Irish of the Gold Coast left an unmistakable mark on the history of the American West

The disastrous potato famine of 1845–1849 forced thousands of Irish to flee their homeland; by 1850 one out of twenty-three Americans was Irish-born. Samuel Waugh's 1855 painting depicts the arrival of such immigrants in New York (note the trunk at right labeled "Pat Murfy for Ameriky"). The Chinese junk is the Keying, *the first to visit the city.*

"IRISH EMIGRANTS LEAVING HOME—THE PRIEST'S BLESSING": ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

In this 1851 drawing, Irish emigrants receive their priest's blessing before leaving their homeland to seek a better life. Many headed for California, adding a strong Hibernian flavor to the gold rush.

up the peoples of a score of nations and sent them scurrying halfway round the world in an impulsive pursuit of wealth and a more desperate search for relief from the oppressive conditions of their Old World lives. The bloody revolutions which swept the capitals of continental Europe in 1848 uprooted tens of thousands of Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Austrians, and Hungarians, forcing them to flee tyrannical governments and abandon tired lands. Blight struck the potato crops of Ireland—a staple of the national diet—in 1845 and 1846. As the smell of potatoes rotting in the fields mingled with the stench of death that rose from cottages and hedgerows, hordes of hungry immigrants crowded like cattle into creaking ships that filled the harbors of Dublin and Cork. The ships were destined for England or South America, for Australia or New Zealand —for any stretch of halfway hospitable soil where the Irish might find food and a chance for a decent life.

As the famine continued through 1847 and 1848, many Irish refugees found their way to the United States, particularly to the cities of the Northeast, where they crowded tenements and pounded cobbled pavements in a frantic search for food and work. News of the discovery of gold in the tailrace of a sawmill on the American River in faraway California electrified the Irish as much as—perhaps more than—any other people. California was a Hispanic land, inhabited by warm-blooded Latins who, like the Irish, worshipped at candlelit altars and acknowledged the spiritual authority of the Bishop of Rome. Since the days of the Norman conquest of Ireland, the English rulers of the Emerald Isle had been heartily hated by Irish patriots. Like Ireland, Boston and New York were dominated by an Anglo-Saxon elite who had little use and less respect for the "shanty Irish" surrounding them. There were Anglo-Americans in numbers in California in 1848, but the country still bore the strong imprint of the padres and the missions. There was, moreover, gold to be had almost

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He's rounced the flash coves out of luck.
And still they bear it all with pluck.
Sacre nom de Dieu! We are lose de game
D n your Irish luck!
Vot 'ave yer.'
Be Jabers! I have the three Aces. Can yer bate that?
16 lbs
15
9½
10
13½

Though the Irish probably profited no more than any other group from California gold, their luck was always proverbial, as this 1849 cartoon, "O'Flannigan Among the Sharps of California," graphically illustrates.

for the taking in the foothills of the Sierra. The rush to California began in earnest in 1849, and, from the beginning, it had a strong Hibernian flavor.

THERE WERE, of course, Irish settlers in California before the Gold Rush. Joseph O'Cain, an Irish-born sailor on an English ship that stopped at Santa Barbara in 1795, was probably the first non-Spanish European to apply for permission to live in California. His petition was rejected, but he continued to frequent the coast, hunting sea otters with a crew of Aleut oarsmen and dividing his profits with the Russian colonists in Alaska. The first non-Spaniard to settle in California may well have been John Milligan, a native of Ireland's County Down, who arrived early in 1814. Milligan taught weaving to the mission Indians and acquired an interest in a rancho in the Salinas Valley. A more prominent Irish settler was Timothy Murphy, a Wexford-born shipping clerk who came to California in 1828, settled on a sprawling rancho in Marin County, and, as Don Timoteo, became one of the country's wealthiest landowners.

Paralleling Murphy's experience north of San Francisco Bay was that of two Irish brothers who, in the 1840s, acquired large estates in Southern California. Nicholas Den, born in Kilkenny in 1812, arrived at Monterey on an American ship in 1836. He settled at Santa Barbara, married the daughter of a Yankee captain and a Spanish woman, and acquired large ranchos. When he died in 1862, he was one of the richest and most respected of the Santa Barbara dons. Den's younger brother Richard was a physician and surgeon trained in Dublin. He came to California in 1843, received a license to practice his profession in Los Angeles, and for more than half a century ministered to the medical needs of the largely Spanish pueblo population.

Jasper O'Farrell was another Irishman who achieved

Continued on page 65

SELF PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST: PEN AND WASH DRAWING
KUPFERSTICHKABINETT DES KUNSTMUSEUM BASEL

FRANK BUCHSER

A Swiss Artist in the American West

by Liselotte Erlanger

"YOU MUST DRAW CONTINUOUSLY, draw everything you see, draw without stopping, without a pause," the nineteenth-century Swiss painter Frank Buchser (1829–1890) once told a young pupil. Certainly Buchser followed his own advice, for during a four-year stay in the United States he completed over one hundred paintings, filled eighteen sketchbooks with studies and drawings, and even kept a diary interspersed with additional sketches.

On this productive visit made just after the Civil War, Buchser painted national figures like President Andrew Johnson, Secretary of State William H. Seward, and Generals William T. Sherman and Robert E. Lee. He also painted Blacks, both in Washington, D.C. and postbellum Virginia, as well as Indians near Sault Sainte Marie. But above all, he painted the western landscape. Buchser was one of the first serious artists to paint the prairie—to capture its vivid colors and limitless expanses. While traveling through parts of what are now the states of Nebraska, Colorado, and Wyoming in the summer of 1866, he recorded what he saw in drawings and quick oil sketches, "caprichios," as he called them, which he later used as inspiration for larger paintings.

Buchser arrived in the United States in 1866 as a self-styled representative of his government on what might today be called a cultural good-will tour. Switzerland in the 1860s was in the throes of political change, and reform-minded citizens of the time, who hoped to see the Swiss constitution liberalized along the lines of the U.S. model, had watched the progress of the American Civil War with intense sympathy. To them, the eventual victory of the North and the abolition of slavery were seen as examples of the strength of the republican-democratic form of government, of which in the Europe of the period, Switzerland was the only representative.

At the end of the war, the *Bundesrat* and various political and civic organizations in Switzerland dispatched a congratulatory document to Washington which President Andrew Johnson accepted "with deep feelings." As soon as this bond of friendship had been established between the two republics, a decision was made to decorate the *Bundeshaus* in Bern with paintings commemorating the Civil War. Funds were raised by private subscription so that a Swiss artist might travel to America and collect material for this ambitious project. The choice of artist fell on Franz Buchser—he changed his name to Frank while in the United States—who at thirty-eight already had a reputation as one of Switzerland's finest artists.

Frank Buchser was born at Feldbrunnen near Solothurn, Switzerland, in 1828, one of four children. His father died when he was young, and his mother, a self-sacrificing, religious woman who exerted a lasting influence on all her children, sent him to Latin school with the hope that he might take religious orders. But the deep devotion the growing boy felt for his mother was not enough to mold his passionate and rebellious nature to her liking, and the

KUNSTMUSEUM BASEL COLORPHOTO HANS HINZ

Frank Buchser made the vivid oil Indian Encampment on the Laramie River, *above, during a trip west in 1866.*

young Buchser quickly recognized that his restless vitality made him unfit for the contemplative life.

As he had shown interest in music, his mother next apprenticed him to a piano maker. But this career came to a quick end when, taken to account over a love affair with his master's daughter, he retaliated by beating the man and fleeing to France.

An invitation from one of his brothers took him to Italy, and by the time he reached Florence—he was then nineteen—he had decided to become a painter. In Rome, finding himself penniless, he at first hired out in true Swiss fashion as a papal guard, but as he began to paint seriously, he bought himself free of service. Later he joined Italian independence leader Giuseppe Garibaldi's troops in their siege of Rome against the papal forces.

When his brother died, the restless Buchser, painting as he went, began a round of travels that took him throughout Europe and North Africa. In Spain he embraced the romantic-exotic tradition so treasured by the artists of his time, and once, his hair dyed black like a *caballero*'s, he fled "with a bloody dagger" following an indiscretion. Spanish genre paintings, especially Bartolomé Murillo's street scenes of ragged children painted with a mixture of realism and sentiment, impressed Buchser deeply. His gypsies, Moroccan slave girls, and later, his touching and sometimes wryly amusing interpretations of American Blacks, all show Murillo's influence.

In 1855 a trip to Paris acquainted him with the work of Gustave Courbet. Courbet's naturalism—his sun-dappled creeks, his women bathing in hidden streams—deepened Buchser's interest in outdoor painting. By his second Spanish trip, Buchser had matured, reaching an artistic plateau which held until the vivid colors of the western landscape broadened his palette.

On his first African trip (he was to return a second time as artist-reporter during the 1859–1860 Spanish-Berber war), he disguised himself as an Arab and entered the Great Mosque at Fez, a daring feat that could have cost him his life. But he was lucky—just as he was lucky later in Greece when after a fight, he "bled through a number of sheets" but survived.

Buchser's romantic desire for adventure was balanced by a longing to see Switzerland and his mother. But at home his fierce temper again got him into trouble, and it

was after a tavern brawl with a minor government official that he jumped at the opportunity to travel to America.

On his Moroccan trip he had kept a diary which was published on his return to Switzerland. Perhaps hoping for similar publicity for his American travels, Buchser started a journal when setting out for New York. Although he kept it only sporadically, it provides an intimate record of the people he met, his sexual exploits, and his hopes—often dashed—for the sale of his paintings. Like other European artists, he held a romantic notion of painting American Indians and professed a love for the "dark-blooded races," as he called them. He hoped to paint American Blacks much as he had painted Moroccans in North Africa.

BUCHSER ARRIVED in New York in May 1866 and soon left for Washington, where to his pleasant surprise he found his letters of introduction to American political figures to be of the "genuine kind." He presented himself to William Seward and Civil War general Nathaniel Prentiss Banks, and in June he was introduced to President Johnson, who, Buchser noted approvingly, received him "simply and friendly, as befits a republican, none of that court kow-towing."

Soon he began work on portraits of political figures. Some of them, such as those of Johnson and Banks, were executed in a formal style, which Buchser evidently deemed necessary for the great and near-great.

In contrast, the portrait he drew of his fellow countryman Johann August Sutter (reproduced on the opposite page) is one of striking immediacy and intimacy. Buchser described their meeting:

"I must not forget the old Major-General Sutter, father of California . . . a handsome man in his sixties with a white moustachio, small imperial and sparse sideburns. He was having a bit of a drink; but then he whipped out five bottles of '65 Rhinewine and naturally, that had to be topped off with brandy. He loves to speak of his discovery of California where he was the richest man before gold was discovered. 12,000 heads of cattle, 2,000 horses and 50,000 sheep, all that, all that was his. Only that damned gold made him into a pauper! Still, he has 3,000 a year for life as Major-General of California and owns a beautiful ranch which brings in another 3,000 a year . . . not so poor after all."

Buchser posed Sutter against a blue sky with a faint background of snow-covered mountains. We are left to wonder whether they are the Alps of Sutter's youth or the Sierra Nevada of his manhood. Sutter wears a broad-brimmed panama hat and a luminously white shirt. His double chin rests securely against his high collar, and there is a twinkle in his eye. This is a portrait of a successful entrepreneur, an adventurer, a genial host well-supplied with Rhinewine, and not the embittered bankrupt who was to petition Congress yearly for restitution of his property.

President Johnson's portrait was still unfinished when Buchser met a young woman pianist. "Our artists' hearts soon came to an understanding," he confided to his diary. Following her advice, he came to know William Sprague, former governor of Rhode Island, a man who had amassed a considerable fortune by allegedly illegal cotton dealings during the Civil War. Sprague suggested that Buchser join him on a trip across the plains west of Omaha under the leadership of General William T. Sherman and his brother, Senator John Sherman of Ohio. To Buchser the offer meant the fulfillment of a dream: to see the West and gather material for paintings of a land barely touched by European civilization. When Sprague at the last moment was unable to join the west-bound party, he pressed five hundred dollars on Buchser under the pretense that the artist accept it as pay-in-advance for inspecting some gold mines Sprague owned in Colorado. No wonder Buchser in his hail-fellow-well-met enthusiasm found Sprague "a sterling man . . . whom I could love as a brother."

GENERAL SHERMAN had just been put in command of one of the five army divisions recently created to protect the steady westward movement of railroads and settlers. He decided to assemble his party in Chicago for a tour of inspection of the territory in his charge, which stretched south from Canada to New Mexico and Oklahoma and from the Mississippi River to the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. But when Buchser arrived in Chicago to join Sherman's party, it had already left. He anxiously followed by boat, but was well received by Sherman when he caught up with him at Saint Joseph, Missouri.

In Omaha, Buchser's luggage was lost, and while he waited five days for it to catch up with him, Sherman again left without him. On the twenty-first of August, Buchser finally boarded the evening train for Fort Kearny. The next morning as the train crossed a "landscape as flat as a billiard table," Buchser saw the Platte. Then the train was forced to stop unexpectedly because of a train wreck (or "smash" as Buchser called it) ahead. When the crew managed to build a detour around the wreck in only three hours, Buchser greatly admired their "pioneer know-how." But he had not been idle either; he left a sketch of the solitary rail line with telegraph wires strung on thin saplings alongside, the lonely landscape melting into a far horizon, a few buffalo grazing in the foreground (page 28).

At Fort Kearny, where the tracks ended, Buchser and the other passengers forded the Platte in small wide-wheeled wagons, each drawn by four mules. The next morning Buchser proceeded by stage in the company of General James F. Rusling. Later in his *Across America, or the Great West and the Pacific Coast,* Rusling described the trip, mentioning the comfort of the Concord coaches whose fine horses were changed every ten or twelve miles at some "rude shanty or sod house," the beauty of the sunsets, and

MUSEUM DER STADT SOLOTHURN

When Buchser arrived in Washington, D.C., in May of 1866, he painted prominent political figures like President Andrew Johnson in formal portrait style. However, in depicting his fellow countryman Johann August Sutter (left), Buchser's manner was more intimate, revealing the California rancher as a successful entrepreneur, adventurer, and genial host.

the good quality of the meals. He also noted "the fellow travellers [in whom] we were remarkably lucky . . . Colonel B . . . a graduate of West Point . . . a man of rare worth. . . . Then we had a Swiss artist, M. Buchser, sent over by his government to make a grand painting of our late War. . . . Having a month or two of leisure he was spending it wisely in making a run to the Plains and the Rocky Mountains. . . . He was a close observer, had travelled much on both continents, and was very chatty and companionable, speaking English like a native. He sketched constantly *en route* making 'studies' of the Platte Valley from the top of the stagecoach, and when we parted . . . it was with mutual hope to meet again."

Near Julesburg, in Colorado Territory, Buchser finally caught up with Sherman's party, who were traveling in a caravan made up of five canvas-covered spring-wagon ambulances drawn by two horses each. They were singularly comfortable for prairie travel, but their progress was so slow that it had taken them three days to cover the distance Buchser had crossed in one day by stage.

At Fort Sedgwick the South Platte had to be forded. Sherman regarded the Platte as "a mean, ugly stream, shallow but full of quicksand, never safe"; no wonder that in Buchser's *Crossing the River Platte* (page 26) the Sherman brothers in the left foreground are supervising the crossing!

Now the party followed Lodge Pole Creek until the Laramie road came in sight, whence they turned northward along a dusty, barren plateau. Here Buchser sketched a

KUNSTMUSEUM BASEL

COLORPHOTO HANS HINZ

characteristic double butte. By the twenty-eighth of August they had reached the North Platte, and drawing sharply westward they soon arrived at Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory.

Sherman was disappointed to find only a group of blockhouses in poor condition instead of the regular army fort he had expected. Building materials, especially wood, were scarce; firewood had to be hauled fifteen miles; and the sawmill which was supposed to supply the army with logs was fifty miles away. Recently, too, small Indian raiding parties had stolen horses from the fort and killed some passing emigrants who had strayed too far from their group. While Sherman was occupied with such problems, Buchser sketched the fort's blockhouses and army tents as well as visiting Indians (pages 2 and 23).

By September first the party was once more on its way, heading toward Denver. They passed through fine grazing country along the Chugwater, with the Laramie Mountains (then called the Black Hills) in the distance. Buchser's view of their snow-covered peaks has the quality of a Swiss landscape—the high Alps seen from the foothills.

They reached Cheyenne Pass (later renamed Sherman) on September third. Here the proposed railroad was to cross the mountains. Sherman stopped the party to admire the striking panorama: below stretched the Laramie Plains with the Rockies visible in the distance.

They now descended into Laramie Plains near the fork of the Denver and Salt Lake roads. Here Buchser sketched a scene which later served as the basis for one of his best western paintings, *Sunrise at Laramie Plains* (page 31). Around a campfire, its smoke rising against a dramatic red-orange sunrise, men and wagons are gathered; one, a figure in red, serves as the focal point.

At Fort Sanders (Buchser still called it "Big Fort Lar-

During his 1866 western expedition with General William T. Sherman, Buchser filled his notebook with sketches whenever the company halted. Most were pencil drawings, but he also worked in oil during the longer waits. Crossing the River Platte, *at left, depicts the party fording the Platte under the supervision of General Sherman himself.*

amie") he sketched a group of cowboys. By the sixth of September, as they traveled along the southern slopes of the Laramie chain, Buchser was painting the Rockies with the characteristic double summit of Longs Peak in view.

Buchser parted from Sherman at Virginia Dale, Colorado Territory, where the artist remained for ten days on a cattle ranch. There he painted the cadaver of an ox, and during an expedition to Trout Creek, recorded the cutting of wild hay. But his most important work in Virginia Dale was a study which he later used in his oil painting *Lonesome Rider*. In the study the solitary figure of a horseman advances towards the viewer, a windswept pine on one side, an outcropping of rock on the other. The sunbaked, reddish landscape and the smallness of the human figure seem to express nature's indifference to man. To give *Lonesome Rider* a "western" touch, Buchser added Indians hidden in the bushes.

IN MID-SEPTEMBER Buchser left Virginia Dale, returned to the Platte, and shipped north on the Missouri. It was Indian summer and beautiful. "The aire warmest summerskye, the Hills are covered with trees of yellow, read (*sic*) and green mellow—the whole is submerged in a flood of lights," Buchser noted in his faulty English. Near the end of September, he returned south to Fort Colby, Missouri, and from there headed east. A Washington reporter recorded Buchser's return: "He is very enthusiastic in his descriptions of the wild grandeur of the country over which he has travelled and has brought home with him a valuable collection of sketches of the country and the people. His sketches of the Indians and the backwoodsmen are particularly picturesque and lifelike, displaying a fine appreciation of their habits and character."

In New York during the winter Buchser prepared for a showing of his paintings, which took place in the spring of 1867. Critics praised his work highly; special mention was made of *Sunset on the Plains with Sherman's Party at Scott's Bluff* (now lost) and its companion piece *Sunrise at Laramie Plains*. His best-liked painting was one based on a sketch made during a stop to change horses at Plum Creek, *Stage Station by Moonlight*, a *tour de force* in darks and lights.

The press also recognized in Buchser's western landscapes a vision of the prairies that few Americans had perceived: "How little idea have most of us of the magnificence and beauty of our land!" wrote a Baltimore reporter. "We read in the dailies of the Plains . . . and we associate them with such dreary dismal scenes; yet with what a charm to the eye of a foreigner have these glimpses of true nature."

Despite such praise, Buchser's western paintings proved financially disappointing, for the wealthy eastern aristocracy still preferred European to American landscapes. Buchser's contemporary, Albert Bierstadt, also had difficulty selling his now famous western landscapes, and in order to make ends meet, was forced to show them for an entrance fee as panoramas.

Though both Buchser and Bierstadt traveled in the West during roughly the same period, the paintings they produced were quite different. The German-born, academically-trained Bierstadt sought to convey the heroic grandeur, the sublime beauty of the western scene. Buchser, on the other hand, was the artist of the impromptu. His was the almost photographic eye that found a more realistic beauty in the harshness of a high plateau landscape, in mountains seen from afar, in the primeval loneliness of the plains.

Buchser hoped to raise money by a return to his more lucrative genre paintings. He set out for Woodstock, Virginia, shocking local society by traveling with a woman companion. When, in order to paint Blacks, he surrounded himself with impoverished, ragged-looking models—in

true Spanish genre style—a local newspaper attacked him savagely. He escaped this storm in a teacup by returning to New York where his brother Joseph, a medical doctor, had just settled. (Later Joseph Buchser was to gain renown as the doctor who gave the first blood transfusion in New York.) Frank Buchser stayed with his brother until the summer of 1868 when he could afford to leave for Lake Superior to paint Indians.

But once there, he was disappointed: "The full blood if found is utterly spoiled by the imitation of the whites, [their] costumes are more like the tasteless makserada [*sic*] of a beggar than an Indian," he wrote. Although he did make some sketches of Chippewa camps and a series of pencil drawings at a Canadian reservation, it was the landscape around Sault Sainte Marie that most engaged the artist.

During the following year, after painting the New England poet William Cullen Bryant, Buchser spent the summer at Auburn, New York, as the guest of the Seward family—singing, playing the piano, flirting, and painting family portraits.

Another trip to "old Virginia" netted him a magnificent genre painting of Black cabin life, *The Ballad of Mary Blane*, and a portrait of the aging Robert E. Lee, full of psychological insight and warm sympathy.

Back in Washington Buchser involved himself in a flirtation with two close women friends, one of whom, Olive, begged for his cufflinks merely to show them as a trophy to her rival. Years later, a dying man in Switzerland, Buchser would surround himself with cabinet photos of former lovers, each of which he had annotated. One such note, in English, reads: "That's the lady at Auburn who made my life to be in danger." Another confesses: "Miss Olive Risley —here I was at fault. I should have married her."

ALTHOUGH AT ONE TIME Buchser had toyed with the idea of permanently settling in the United States, he suddenly returned to Switzerland in the spring of 1871. Whether he was prompted by his lack of financial success, an unsuccessful love affair, or simply the desire to see his mother, we do not know. It is merely one more of the many sudden departures that recurred in his life.

The Swiss government purchased his portraits of Sherman and Lee, but his "mission," the large panorama of the Civil War, was never completed. General Grant's unwillingness to pose for Buchser may have prejudiced the artist against the project, but it seems more likely that he was temperamentally incapable of so large an undertaking.

In evaluating Buchser's American work, the modern viewer may find his genre paintings dated, whereas some of his portraits continue to rank with those of such outstanding nineteenth-century artists as Courbet and Manet. But it is as recorder of the western scene that he most closely holds our interest.

While traveling by train across the flat Nebraska landscape, Buchser produced the fine pencil sketch on the opposite page. Entitled Eternal Plains, *it was made during a three-hour delay caused by a wreck on the tracks ahead.*

KUNSTMUSEUM BASEL

COLORPHOTO HANS HINZ

Buchser's reputation, which was high during his lifetime, declined with the advance of photography on the one hand and the ascendancy of modern French painting on the other—a fate he shared with many mid-nineteenth-century realists. But this alone does not account for the fact that he is virtually unknown in the United States today.

Ironically, it is the intense patriotism of his own countrymen which has seriously jeopardized his international reputation. Two Swiss art historians bought up as many of Buchser's works as they could find outside Switzerland; together with the sketchbooks and papers that came from the estate of his brother Joseph, they are today preserved in Swiss museums. Consequently, little of his work can now be seen outside Switzerland and, unfortunately, the unseen artist becomes the forgotten artist.

But there is no reason for Buchser to remain unknown in the United States, for he was one of the first and finest artists to paint the plains and mountains of the American West. Buchser saw that vast and little-known region with a fresh and responsive eye, and captured in his paintings a land that Americans themselves had scarcely begun to appreciate. **AW**

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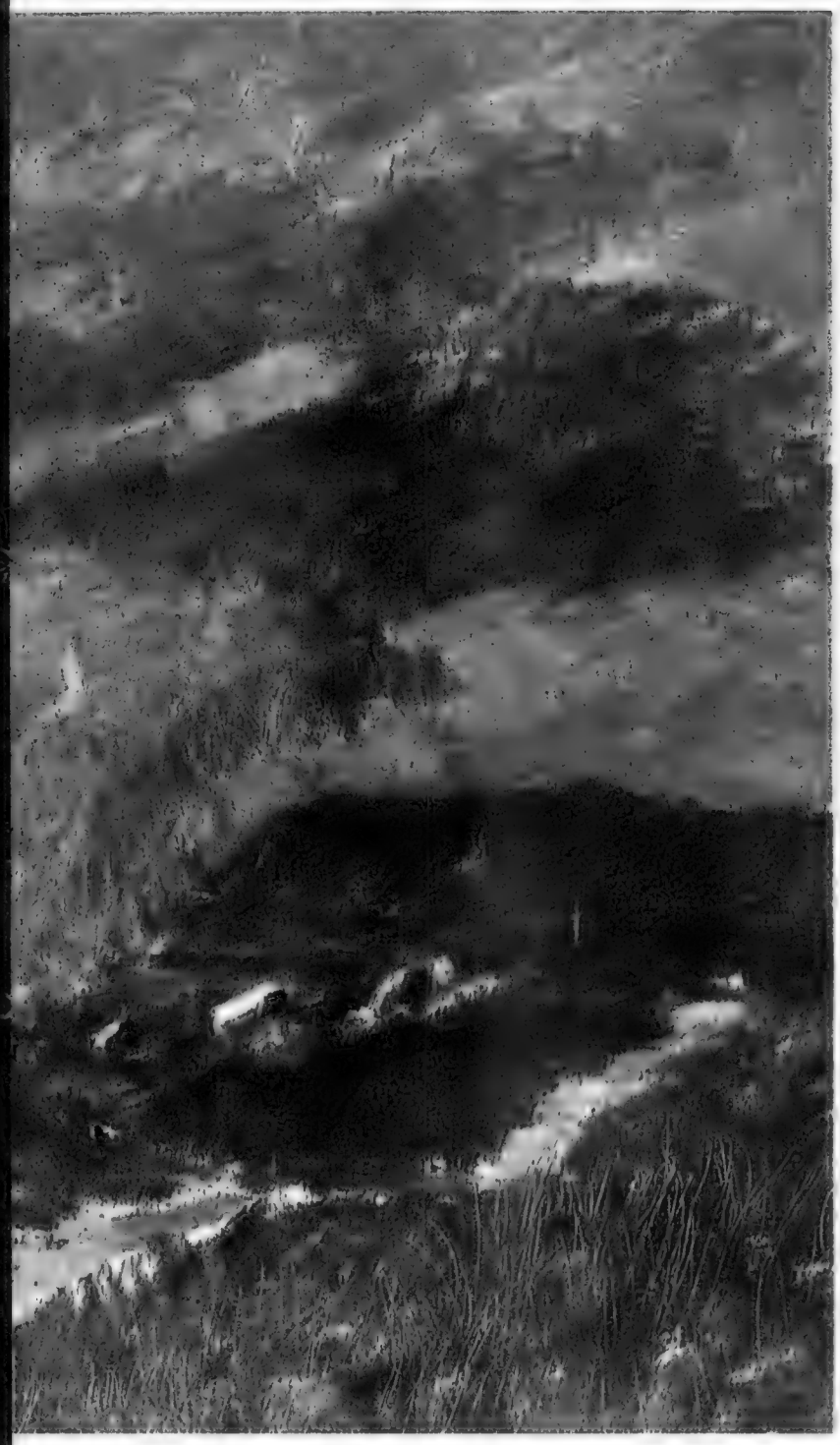

As the Sherman party descended into Laramie Plains near the fork of the Denver and Salt Lake roads, Buchser sketched a scene which he later used as inspiration for one of his finest western paintings, Sunrise at Laramie Plains, *at left.*

(Frauenfeld: Huber Verlag, 1929); Wälchli, Gottfried, *Frank Buchser, Persönlichkeit, Leben, Kunst* (Bern: Paul Haupt, 1956).

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Liselotte Erlanger *studied art history in Europe and has worked as a librarian at the University of California at Berkeley and Los Angeles. Her articles on little-known European artists have appeared in several publications, and she has also written cookbooks. She now lives in the Northern California town of Mendocino.*

PHOTO BY D. SUZANN ELKINS, TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY NEWS AND PUBLICATIONS STAFF

Texas Tech's outdoor museum brings the ranching past alive

THE RANCHING HERITAGE CENTER

by Willard B. Robinson

THE LORE OF THE WEST associated with the American cowboy has long attracted the attention of dramatists and mythmakers. Yet until recently little had been done in a systematic way to preserve the actual ranching structures that the cowboy called home. Now, however, at Texas Tech University's Ranching Heritage Center in Lubbock, buildings from some of the Southwest's earliest ranches have been brought together and preserved in authentic detail. Since 1968 when the twelve-acre site was first set aside as an outdoor ranching museum, eighteen buildings as well as windmills and corrals have been acquired, moved from their original locations, and painstakingly restored and furnished.

Today these varied structures, each carefully chosen to depict a stage in the geographical and chronological development of frontier ranching, form a vivid focus for the living history programs conducted by the Center. Dirt floors, a cranky schoolhouse stove, rust on an iron

bedstead, the bawling of a calf—such authentic sights and sounds re-create for the visitor the everyday reality of life on the cattle frontier.

THE HISTORY interpreted at the Ranching Heritage Center dates back to the days of brown-robed padres and Indian neophytes. Mexican livestock, developed from Spanish long-horned Andalusian cattle introduced by the *conquistadores*, were first trailed north into the dense thickets of East Texas in 1691–92 to provide food for the newly established missions there. Later, when a returning expedition crossed the province on its way back to Mexico, stallions, mares, bulls, and cows were turned loose at river crossings. Adapting to their environment, these rugged animals, along with others that may have strayed, multiplied into large herds of rangy longhorns and bands of quick mustangs—all available to those who could catch them. By the nineteenth century the longhorn had spread north through the Hill Country to the Cross Timbers.

While the East Texas missions maintained herds, the most successful ecclesiastical ranching operations developed along the San Antonio River. There, in addition to farming, mission fathers raised cattle, sheep, and goats to supply food for mission residents and to provide income.

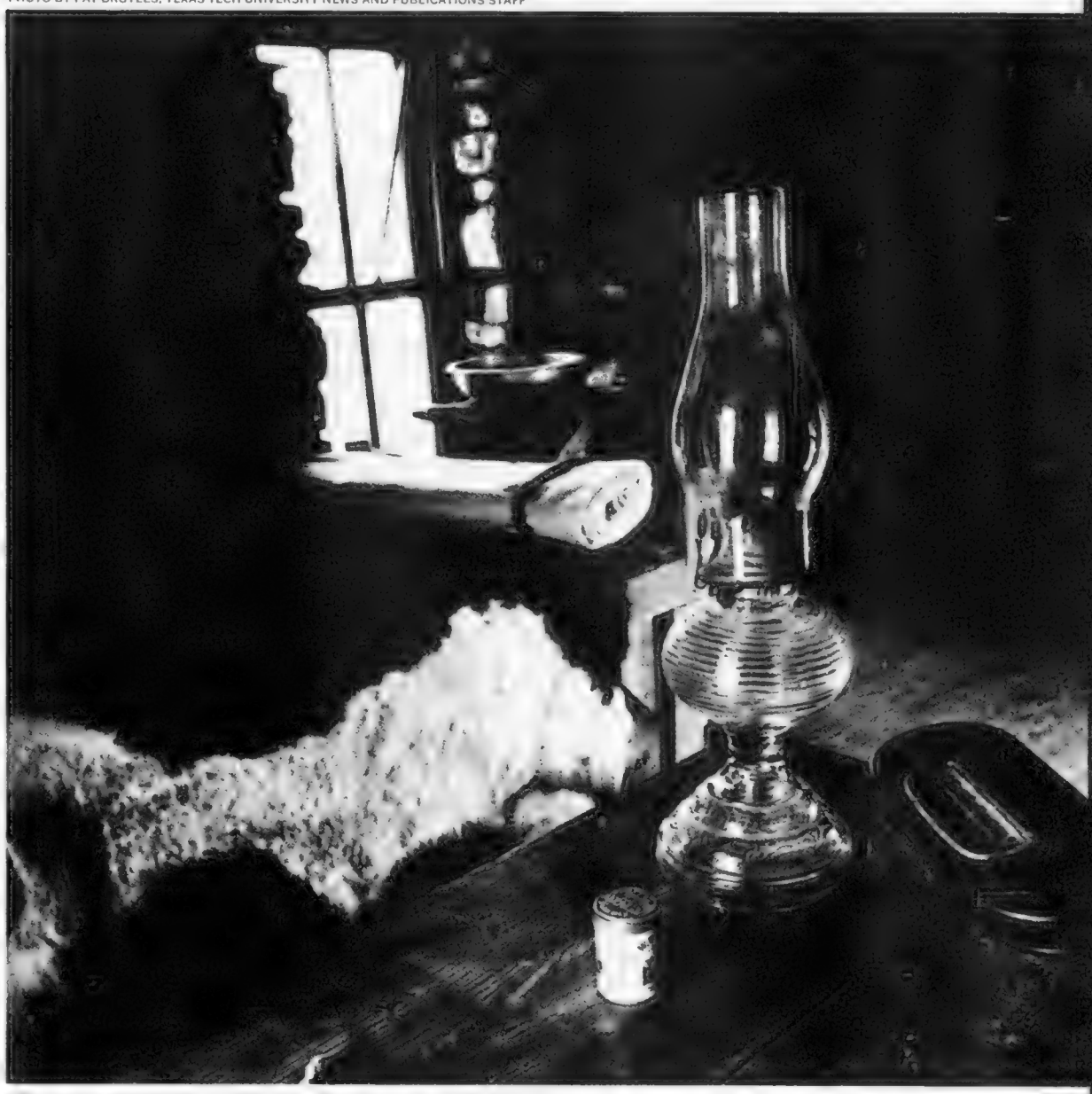
At the same time, secular ranching was developing along the San Antonio and Nueces rivers, as well as along the lower Rio Grande. In this latter area, a hot region that nature has landscaped with grama grass and a remarkable array of shrubs, herbs, and cacti, the first ranching colony north of the Rio Grande was established in the early 1700s by José Vásquez Borrego, a rancher from Coahuila. Agreeing to treat the Indians in the area with kindness and to endeavor to convert them to Christianity, Borrego was granted the ranch of Dolores Viejo on the north bank of the Rio Grande south of Laredo. By 1754 the population of this establishment had increased to 123 inhabitants, but early in the nineteenth century Indian attacks forced abandonment of the settlement. Then near midcentury, Dolores Nuevo was established a short distance from the original ranch.

Recognizing that large tracts were essential to successful ranching in a semiarid climate, ranch lands in the vicinity of these desolate settlements were assigned in *porciones*—units one thousand *varas* (slightly over a half mile) in width and thirty thousand *varas* (over fifteen miles) in length, all with the short side fronting the river. On these lands ranchers agreed to establish their stock, to live under military protection, and to unite with the townspeople for common defense. Here they raised sheep, goats, cattle, horses, mules, and asses; and grew corn, beans, and squash.

Each *rancho* along the Rio Grande resembled a feudal estate with the *patrón* fulfilling the role of feudal lord—master both of his land and the servants who worked for him. The *patrón* was obligated to protect his *peones* and *vaqueros* and to furnish them living quarters. By the end of the nineteenth century, many of these *ranchos* had become oases of culture, providing for both the educational and religious needs of their residents.

The architecture of these early *ranchos* reflected the region in which they were

PHOTO BY PAT BROYLES, TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY NEWS AND PUBLICATIONS STAFF



Spartan furnishings in the Ranching Heritage Center's Masterson JY Bunkhouse, above, suggest the flavor of nineteenth-century cowboy life as re-created and interpreted at the Center today.

Opposite: Riding past an 1879 patent Eclipse windmill, modern-day cowboys top a man-made ridge at the Ranching Heritage Center. A network of such grass-covered berms provides a sense of isolation and spaciousness for exhibit buildings on the twelve-acre site. The imposing Eclipse windmill—which today pumps cooling well water to a restored meat and milk house—was once the most common type found on the High Plains. Because of the windmill's vital role in the development of Texas ranching, the Center has adopted it as a symbol.

PHOTO BY D. SUZANN ELKINS, TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY NEWS AND PUBLICATIONS STAFF

Today visitors to the Ranching Heritage Center can view some two dozen restored buildings, windmills, and corrals representing the most important phases of southwestern ranching. The one-room pecan and elm cabin pictured above dates from the 1830s. It was once the headquarters of the Capote Ranch, an operation that began during the Mexican era in the coastal plains region near San Antonio.

located. Numerous *jacales* ("huts") with walls of mesquite branches and roofs of thatch were erected for the *vaqueros* and the *peones*. In response to the dangers of Indian attack as well as to the need for a more durable architecture, blockhouse-like dwellings were erected with thick walls of sandstone and slightly inclined roofs of *chipichil* ("lime concrete") supported by hewn *vigas* ("beams"). In many of these, the only openings other than doors were *toneras* ("loopholes") for guns used in defense against Indian attacks.

Future plans for the Ranching Heritage Center include an extensive exhibit featuring such Spanish Colonial–Mexican provincial structures, which will provide the setting for the interpretation of the Spanish-Mexican era of ranching. Unfortunately few examples of eighteenth-century and early nineteenth-century Latin buildings still stand in South Texas, and these should be preserved on their original sites. Consequently, unlike other building exhibits at the Ranching Heritage Center, the Latin architectural exhibit will be a replica incorporating materials indigenous to the regions where these buildings were erected, and assembled with original building techniques. Using the Dolores ranch buildings as models, the completed exhibit will incorporate representative examples of the various structures that were essential to the survival of Spanish-Mexican ranching operations in the Texas wilderness.

IN THE AREAS originally settled by Spanish and Mexican ranchers, local building traditions and limitations in materials assured that building techniques would remain virtually unchanged throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. However in other areas, colonists of different ethnic backgrounds brought their own building techniques, although they also adopted many Spanish ranching practices.

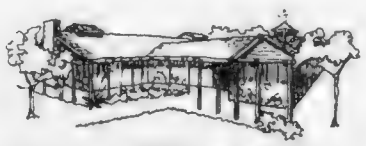
During the era of the Republic (1836–

Texas Tech Ranching Heritage Center

MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY OF RANCHING HERITAGE CENTER, TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY

LAS ESCARBADAS
(XIT Ranch division headquarters; c. 1886)

JA MILK AND MEAT HOUSE
(Typical ranch outbuilding; c. 1880)



DAVID M. DEVITT AND MALLET RANCH BUILDING
(Visitor Orientation Center

HEDWIGS HILL CABIN
(German settler's home; c. 1853)

JOWELL HOUSE
(Fortresslike stone house; c. 1875)

ECLIPSE WINDMILL

EL CAPOTE CABIN
(An early ranch home; c. 1838)

PICKET AND SOTOL HOUSE
(An example of unusual construction; c. 1904)

MATADOR HALF-DUGOUT
(Typical early ranch dwelling; c. 1891)

MATADOR OFFICE BUILDING
(Ranch business headquarters; c. 1880)

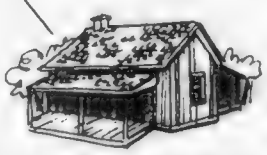
LONG S WHITEFACE CAMP
(Unusual two-story dugout; c. 1890)

RENDERBROOK-SPADE BLACKSMITH SHOP
(A typical smithy; c. 1917)

HARRELL HOUSE
(A ranch home that grew; c. 1883–1917)

SPUR GRANARY
(Feed-storage building; c. 1900)

MASTERSON JY BUNKHOUSE
(Stone construction building; c. 1880)



BOX-AND-STRIP HOUSE
(Typical plains construction; c. 1903–04)

STAR WINDMILL

CLIPPER WINDMILL

WALPOLE WINDMILL

REYNOLDS-GENTRY BARN
(A stable for thoroughbreds; c. 1877)

U LAZY S CARRIAGE HOUSE
(Two-story ranch building; c. 1906)

BARTON HOUSE
(Prosperous rancher's home; c. 1909)

BAIRFIELD SCHOOLHOUSE
(Rural one-room school; c. 1890)

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The Picket and Sotol House, above, originated in the arid sheep and goat country of southwestern Texas. There pioneers made do with the materials at hand: cedar for upright posts or pickets, sotol stalks in horizontal rows for walls, crumbly rocks for filler and insulation, and sacahuiste grass for thatching. Later, settlers were able to purchase shingles for roofing, as on the addition at left.

1845) and the period of early statehood, many Anglo-Americans and Europeans who immigrated to Texas became ranchers. The participation of these groups in the development of ranching is also interpreted at the Ranching Heritage Center. Thus, the role of numerous Germans who immigrated to the Hill Country of Central Texas, where many established combination ranches and farms, is shown at a double-pen (dog-run) log cabin (Hedwigs Hill) originally built in Mason County about 1853. The story of the early Anglo-American immigrants is represented by a single-pen log cabin restoration from the era of the Texas Republic. English and Scottish capital investments in such ranches as the world-famous XIT and Matador are interpreted at a historic building originally constructed to accommodate visitors from Scotland but later converted into offices for the Matador Ranch. In addition, although they were not often ranch owners, the role of Blacks as proficient cowboys will soon be depicted through exhibits.

Following the Civil War, as immigration continued and the Indian threat diminished, ranching spread westward and northward across the open ranges of the West. The Spanish practice of the roundup and branding was continued during this era, along with mavericking—claiming and branding motherless calves. To supply the increasing demand for meat and leather in the East, at military posts, and in the gold camps, cattle were driven to markets over long dusty trails. However, during the 1870s and 1880s as the railroads reached into remote regions of the West, the need for long drives diminished. Finally around the turn of the century, ranchers began fencing their ranges with barbed wire, and the romantic era of open-range ranching came to an end.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century, the development of windmills spread ranching to the semiarid Rolling Plains, where timber was scarce, and to the High Plains, an area completely de-

Built solidly of limestone blocks and originally located in eastern King County, Texas, the Masterson JY Bunkhouse, pictured above, served for nearly a century as a temporary home for cowboys at ranch headquarters. While many hands preferred to spread their bedrolls under the stars during good weather, the bunkhouse with its ample hearth was much appreciated whenever it was cold or rainy.

void of trees. Before the arrival of the railroads, buildings there were of adobe or stone, with limited use of logs. Among the first shelters were dugouts placed wholly below the surface of the earth or half dugouts, represented at the Center by the Matador Half Dugout, placed partially underground into the sides of inclines. Both types had the virtue of being cool in summer and warm in winter.

In areas where stone was available near the surface, small masonry structures were built. Although such early ranch complexes were on a small scale, they were either entirely or nearly self-sufficient units in the wilderness. Located in Palo Pinto County, the ranch headquarters of George R. Jowell consisted of several small buildings with walls of limestone and corners, floors, and openings trimmed with sandstone. Dating from the 1870s, the dwelling (now located at the Ranching Heritage Center) contains two single-room stories, with a fireplace on the ground level built by a skilled mason, perhaps one of the many European immigrant craftsmen who had migrated to the frontier. On the original site were two small outbuildings, one of which evidently contained a trough where food could be cooled by placing it in water drawn from a large cistern located directly outside the door. The water for this cistern was ingeniously conducted through an underground filter filled with charcoal and pebbles. Demonstrating sensitivity to order and beauty even in the most isolated environment, stone neatly outlined walks and paths at this early ranch.

Among other shelters revealing the impact of a sparse environment is the Picket and Sotol House, which was fashioned with the materials at hand. Originally located in the sheep and goat country of southwestern Texas but now at the Ranching Heritage Center, the rooms of the house have walls structured with cedar posts placed several feet apart. To finish the walls, woody stalks from the blooms

PHOTOS BOTH PAGES © SUZANN ELKINS, TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY NEWS AND PUBLICATIONS STAFF

The Harrell House, above, served as home to three successive ranching families, who added to it as their needs and fortunes grew. Begun in 1883 as a small one-room stone building, the house was enlarged with box-and-strip additions sometime prior to the turn of the century and again before 1917.

of the sotol plant—a yuccalike plant—were nailed to both sides of the posts, and earth and rocks were poured into the void. Then the roof was thatched with sacahuiste, a coarse grass also native to the region. The last room to be added had walls entirely constructed of pickets—a building technique widely used in Texas beginning in colonial times. Since the railroad had arrived in West Texas by the time this last room was added, shingles were available for the roof and sawn planks for the floor, although the original earth floor was retained in the two earlier rooms.

Near the end of the century when the arrival of the railroad made sawn lumber economically available, box and strip construction was widely used—exemplified at the Ranching Heritage Center by the Box-and-Strip House and the Harrell House. Providing maximum enclosed space with minimal material, each building was constructed like a box with walls of one-by-twelve boards nailed to floor platforms of two-by-six joists, with tongue and groove flooring supported on rocks or cedar posts. Thin strips covered the cracks between the one-by-twelves, but no studs were used.

By the time the open-range era came to a close at the turn of the century, the typical ranch headquarters had developed into a large complex of buildings with exterior space relationships dictated by both convenience and terrain. Bunkhouses were provided for cowboys when they were not on the range. Barns and carriage houses were erected for livestock and vehicles and tack, and blacksmith shops were built to provide for the farrier's art.

Representative of such large multibuilding complexes was Las Escarbadas ("The Scrapings") ranch. Originally one of the seven divisions of the famous XIT ranch—a three-million-acre spread that extended through ten Texas Panhandle counties near the New Mexico border—the ranch was named for its location near

This handsome ranch home, built in 1909 by J. J. Barton of Hale County, Texas, suggests the comfortable, even gracious way of life that many ranch families achieved by the turn of the century, when the coming of the railroads, increased mechanization, and improved roads lessened the hardships of the frontier.

a site where Comancheros once obtained water simply by scraping away the surface of the ground.

At Las Escarbadas the cowmen demonstrated characteristic sensitivity to their environment in the placement and construction of the ranch buildings. Most of the complex was situated on a south slope below the brow of a hill (a situation duplicated at the Ranching Heritage Center with a berm) which protected it from the cold winter northers. The headquarters house, now relocated at the Ranching Heritage Center, was only one-room wide and oriented with its broadside to the south to provide good cross ventilation from prevailing breezes during the hot summer months. As was virtually universal in the Texas region, a porch shaded the south elevation. The dwelling walls were of caliche rock, about two feet thick, to insure good insulation. Sadly, by mid-twentieth century this ranch, along with numerous others, had been abandoned, and its structures had fallen into disrepair.

AT TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY efforts to preserve the Southwest's disappearing ranching heritage commenced in 1966 when the administration appointed a planning committee to investigate the feasibility of developing an outdoor museum of historic structures moved from various sections of the state. Several years later site development was authorized, and the Ranch Headquarters Association (now the Ranching Heritage Association), a nonprofit organization, was founded to secure buildings and raise funds to finance the moving and restoration of the structures. In 1970 the first building was moved to the site, and today restoration work is still continuing. All the structures have been donated; to date over $1,500,000 has been contributed by the private sector to assist in financing the project. To fund the installation of landscaping and security systems, a state appropriation of $150,000 was secured. On July 4, 1976, although the outdoor museum was yet incomplete, the Ranching

PHOTOS BOTH PAGES: D. SUZANN ELKINS, TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY NEWS AND PUBLICATIONS STAFF

Today interpretive programs at the Ranching Heritage Center give visitors the chance to both view and participate in the life of another era. Here school-age children find out what learning was like in an old-fashioned one-room schoolhouse. Built in the 1890s to serve the offspring of ranchers and homesteaders, the Bairfield Schoolhouse originally had nine grades of two pupils each.

Heritage Center was dedicated in a Bicentennial celebration.

To reduce the visual intrusion of modern buildings near the site, berms of earth —formed in part from tornado debris— surround the area and divide it into chronological zones. Each structure and its immediate environment are treated as a setting for the development of a living museum exhibit where visitors can observe the everyday objects associated with its period. Insofar as the climate will allow, each structure will also be landscaped with the plants that originally surrounded it.

While most preservationists agree that historic buildings are best restored on their original sites, all the buildings that have been moved to the Ranching Heritage Center were widely dispersed and inaccessible to the public. Moreover, most eventually would have been lost through deterioration.

Several techniques have been employed to move the structures. Buildings of lumber have been relocated as units, with only minimal disassembly. The size of these operations has varied from moving a small box-and-strip structure to a large two-story frame house.

However, due to the long distances and fragile natural materials involved, it was necessary to dismantle structures held together by inertia—log cabins and stone buildings mortared with clay, for example. Prior to moving, each of these structures was carefully measured by architecture students under the direction of a restoration architect. Then, in accordance with the format followed by the Historic American Buildings Survey, students drafted measured drawings and took photographs, affixed tags to each building component, and placed identifying marks on both the tags and the drawings.

After the components were labeled, the structures were disassembled and moved to Lubbock. There they were reassembled following the drawings and photographs.

When the invention of barbed wire and the installation of windmills allowed ranchers to settle more permanently in one place, the ranch-operated blacksmith shop developed. In this photograph, a modern-day smithy practices his art near the Center's blacksmith shop (at left), where an anvil and forge are in frequent use as part of an ongoing demonstration especially popular with younger visitors.

In all cases care was taken to avoid "over-restoration," that is, making the buildings better than they actually were when first built. For example, rather than using portland cement mortar for filling the cracks between the logs of the cabins, clay and earth were used—as in the originals. Historically, numerous travelers noted cabins in poor repair, with leaky roofs and chinking that had fallen from the logs. The existence of such typical conditions at the Center contributes to the realism of the exhibits.

The continual maintenance required by the use of authentic building techniques is accepted as an aspect of the living museum concept. The adobe roof on the JA Milk and Meat Cooler, a late nineteenth-century structure built in the Panhandle, and the thatched roof on the Picket and Sotol House, an early twentieth-century structure originally located in the arid southwestern section of the state, will require periodic replacement. The work involved in the replacement assures that the knowledge of these traditional techniques will be perpetuated.

The furnishings of the structures conform to two schemes. In most of the buildings, period furnishings are utilized to depict life during a particular era. However, at the Harrell House, a large dwelling which was expanded room by room over a period of nearly four decades, the building's evolution is represented by furnishings dating from several eras.

Under a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, extensive interpretive programs were developed. Consultants with knowledge in areas relating to ranching history were employed to direct researchers. Detailed information was assembled in various fields, including period clothing, historic landscaping, economic history, Spanish and Mexican ranching practices, ethnic history, and early arts and crafts. Using the information located by researchers as well as that previously known, the interpretive

Frontier cowboys called the Longhorn "as wild as a tornado, as strong as a blue norther, and as smart as an Apache." Here, Ranching Heritage Center visitors watch the end of the Texas Tech Bicentennial Longhorn Trail Drive, during which cattle were driven from San Antonio to Lubbock in celebration of the Center's formal opening in July 1976.

programs are now being implemented.

Currently in preparation is an orientation program to be viewed prior to visiting the site. Through a dramatic multiscreen presentation of images and sounds, the history of ranching will be shown in a large orientation room at the visitor's center.

Because of the interest demonstrated by the public in the restoration process, a permanent exhibit will also be developed to relate the story of the Ranching Heritage Center, the techniques of moving structures, and the technology used in restoring buildings.

On the site, each visitor will carry an audio wand to receive information on pertinent aspects of history as he moves along the paths. These minute-long messages will include information on ranching history, life style, and architecture. In addition to such self-guided tours, "open house" will be continued every Sunday afternoon, with costumed docents stationed at each building to narrate its role in the development of ranching as well as its individual history.

Thematic tours also are under development. Since the entire spectrum of ranching history represented by the Center is too broad for presentation in other than general terms on a single tour, thematic interpretation will provide in-depth information on selected topics. Utilizing the Whiteface Camp, the Box-and-Strip House, and the Milk and Meat Cooler as settings, the "Family Survives" tour will provide visitors with accurate insight into the life style of ranchers during the last half of the nineteenth century. The "Cowboys and Cattle" theme, to be developed around the Matador Half Dugout, the JY Bunkhouse, the Reynolds-Gentry Barn, and the Carriage House, will depict the activities of cowboy life. "From Hoof and Horn to Home" will provide sixth- and seventh-grade students with a view of ranching history, while an architecture theme tour will show how buildings reflect environmental and social conditions.

PHOTO BY D. SUZANN ELKINS, TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY NEWS AND PUBLICATIONS STAFF

Also in the planning stage is a live-in program in which boys and girls will have the chance to spend a night in a historic ranch structure and participate in various ranch activities.

Many other living-history activities have been developed and will continue to be included in future plans. These include chuck-wagon and open-hearth cooking, horse shoeing, lye-soap making, shake riving, roof thatching, weaving, blacksmithing, furniture making, saddle making, and rope plaiting. The historic structures have also formed a focus for workshops on such topics as restoration technology and historical research.

Finally, the Ranching Heritage Center fulfills an academic role in the university community. The site serves as an outdoor laboratory where students majoring in architecture and museum science study restoration technology and decorative arts. In addition, students in museum science use the exhibits at the Center for special projects in research and interpretation.

The work of the Ranching Heritage Center should never become static. In future years weathered building components will be replaced, and other buildings will be added. In addition, the interpretive programs will be continually developed and renewed so that visitors will experience the ranching past as truly living history. **AW**

The Ranching Heritage Center, located on the grounds of Texas Tech University, is open Tuesday through Saturday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and on Sunday from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Conducted tours for groups are available by prior arrangement. Further information about the Center can be obtained by writing: Ranching Heritage Center, Box 4499, Lubbock, Texas 79409.

Willard B. Robinson *is professor of architecture and museum science at Texas Tech University and acting director of the Ranching Heritage Center. He is the author of* Texas Public Buildings of the Nineteenth Century *(1974) and* American Forts: Architectural Form and Function *(1977).*

Echoing an era of prosperity in Texas ranching, a restored buggy awaits horse and master in the U Lazy S Carriage House, above. The two-story carriage, harness, and saddle barn was once located on a 150,000-acre spread owned by John B. Slaughter, who made his fortune in cattle around the turn of the century.

THE INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROLAND REED

"SONS OF MANUELITA", NAVAJO, CIRCA 1913

by Patricia Condon Johnston

ROLAND REED IN THE FIELD, CIRCA 1915

It was the intention of Roland Reed (1864–1934) to produce a definitive photographic record of the North American Indian. He in part succeeded, but regrettably, the results of his life work have remained largely unknown and unpublished. Recently Reed's complete collection of photographs and glass-plate negatives was purchased by the Kramer Gallery in Saint Paul, Minnesota. The following article is based principally on the photographer's handwritten notes, which were included in the collection.

ROLAND REED'S boyhood home was a log cabin near the old Indian trail that led from Lake Poygan to Fond du Lac in the Fox River Valley of Wisconsin. As a child, Reed longed to join the tall, slim Indian boys who traveled along that forest path. It was a call that never left him.

Reed's notes recall an episode from those early days. "A band of Menominies lived on the north shore of Lake Poygan directly across from my home. In the spring of 1871, my schoolteacher and two of his pupils—boys about sixteen years old—took a canoe and went across the lake to gather some evergreens to decorate the schoolroom. Returning, their overloaded canoe overturned and the teacher was drowned. When nearly exhausted, [the boys] were discovered by three Indians who brought them ashore, made some hot broth for them, and then dug a hole deep in a haystack where they stayed the night. This the Indians did to bring back their circulation and warm them up. I knew these Indians well, especially one called Thundercloud who was chief of this band and who, after the rescue of the boys, became the hero of my boyhood days. Undoubtedly, this incident stimulated in me a regard for the Indian which has grown with the years."

Roland Reed devoted much of his adult life to compiling a pictorial record of the North American Indian. Using a camera as big as an apple box with heavy eleven-by-fourteen-inch glass-plate negatives, he photographed Indians of the Woods, mostly Chippewa or Ojibway; Plains Indians, including Blackfeet or Piegan, Blood, Cheyenne, and Crow; and Indians of the Desert, Navajo and Hopi.

The best of his photographs, made shortly after the turn of the century, include such classics as *The Moose Call* (reproduced on page 1), which bears a remarkable resemblance to an N. C. Wyeth painting of the same title; *The Wooing* (page 53); *The Trail*

All photographs accompanying this article are reproduced courtesy of Kramer Gallery, Saint Paul. Copyright © 1908–1913 by Roland Reed. Copyright © 1977 under U.C.C. by Kramer Gallery.

WATCHING THE HERD
Piegan · circa 1912

Makers (page 51); and *The Pottery Maker* (page 56), which won the gold medal at the Panama-California Exposition held in San Diego in 1915.

As a youth, Reed already displayed a roving nature, a trait that would take him up, down, and across most of North America during his lifetime. Bent upon adventure, he left home at an early age, stealing away one night with an appropriated canoe filled with rations from the family cabin. He found work for a time in a sawmill in Saint Paul, then made his way northwest into Canada, where he encountered many Indians while working on a railroad section gang. Injured on the job, he eventually returned to Saint Paul. He did not stay long, however, for he was now planning a trip down the Mississippi. Soon Reed was in Tennessee, where he worked on the levy, and then in Texas: Dallas, Fort Worth, and El Paso. From there he wandered north into New Mexico. He later wrote: "I don't know why, but no trip I could plan satisfied me unless it led into Indian country."

Soon Reed found and followed an old

THE TRAPPER
Ojibway · 1908

WHITE WOLF
Cheyenne · 1913

Mormon trail—and it was still just a trail—up the Salt River toward Globe, Arizona. After spending a night with an outpost of U.S. troops who were watching a large village of Apaches, he started the next morning for the San Carlos Agency, about twenty miles to the northwest. Taking a wrong path he found himself instead in the midst of a camp of hostile Apaches. He recalled the rough treatment he received at the hands of this group: "with dogs snapping at my heels, and the youngsters pushing me from one to the other, and the older ones laughing, I did think of home, and longed to be in it at that time. I have always believed that it was because I was so ragged and had nothing that took their eye that I was allowed to pass." Upon reaching the San Carlos Agency the next day, he learned that these same Apaches had killed their storekeeper as well as an em-

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS
Navajo · 1913

ployee at the military outpost on the trail behind him. (Reed's later photographs did not include Apaches, and he commented, "I am sorry to say that I was not allowed through circumstances to photograph the Apache as I found him—as an Indian was really an Indian in those days.")

But he must already have been considering how to preserve the likenesses of the Indians he saw.

ACCORDING TO REED'S NOTES, he was in the Northwest in 1890 doing crayon portraits and teaching sketching from nature in the towns along the Great Northern Railroad from Minot, North Dakota, to Kalispell, Montana. During this time, he also made many sketches of the Blackfeet Indians living along the Missouri River and up Cut Bank Creek in what is now Glacier National Park. Knowing little of photography, Roland

THE ECHO'S CALL
Piegan · 1913

Reed first began recording the vanishing faces of the North American Indian in crayon and pencil.

But he had already seen what cameras could do. And this method of portraiture interested him acutely. He felt "that if I could master this seemingly easy way of making pictures, I would have no trouble in getting all the Indian pictures I wanted."

His opportunity came in 1893 in Havre, Montana, when he made the acquaintance of Daniel Dutro, Civil War veteran, prospector, and photographer. Reed apparently became apprenticed to Dutro. They worked together for several years—furnishing Indian photographs to the news department of the Great Northern Railroad and doing some portrait work to keep afloat.

In 1897 Reed signed on with Associated Press to photograph the Klondike gold rush in Alaska, and he caught a boat out of Seattle whose passengers included Jack London. Reed saw in the venture an opportunity to photograph the Indians along the Alaskan coast—as well as a chance to strike it rich.

He returned sorely disappointed on both counts. He had discovered no gold. And although he had seen several villages of Indians, he found them uninspiring representatives of the North American Indian. He wrote: "They made such a poor impression on me that I left for the states on the first ship south in the spring without making any pictures worthwhile."

Following this adventure, there was more studio work in Fort Benton and Great Falls, Montana, and then in Ortonville, Minnesota. But by 1900, Reed had found Bemidji, Minnesota, in the center of Indian country. Now he did portrait photography with a single purpose in mind—to accumulate enough funds to finance short reconnoitering trips among the Minnesota Ojibways.

His first encounter was short-lived. King Bird, the spokesman for the village of Ojibways he found on nearby Red Lake, quickly made it clear to him that he was to get out at once—and stay out. Reed left the King Bird

THE TRAIL MAKERS
Piegan · 1912

camp but did not return to his studio. Instead, he made his way deeper into Indian country, to the Cross Lake Indian School at Ponemah, where he found a small shack, moved in his gear, and waited.

At first the Indians would have nothing to do with him, and they apparently had no intention of ever complying with his desire to photograph them. Reed was undeterred, however, and later recalled, "I stayed on thinking something would happen to soften their distaste for me, and it did at last.

"One morning two small girls came in and asked if I would take a picture of their brother who was sick—maybe dying." Reed went with them to their camp and photographed the little boy, but the next day he left for Bemidji. It was several months before he made a second trip to the Ponemah village —carrying a print of the Indian lad. As soon as the father of the boy learned he was back, he approached Reed, asking if he had brought a picture of his son. Reed handed the print to him. The Indian walked away with the picture and stood for some time with his back to Reed, looking at it. Then he returned to the photographer and asked the cost of the portrait. Reed replied by asking about the boy. The child was dead, he learned. Reed quietly told the father that he was glad he had been able to make the picture in time and that it was a gift. He wrote: "That fine old father gave me his hand, and from that time on, I was welcome to any part of Cross Lake Point."

Meanwhile, Reed's Bemidji studio had become a success. His portraits were attracting professional attention in several states and, enjoying a profitable patronage, he was well on his way to prosperity and recognition. Still, Reed's real interest was in photographing Indians, and his very success interfered with that work.

Finally, in 1907, Reed reached a decision. He locked up his studio, determined to devote all his strength and energy to documenting the Indian heritage.

Continued on page 54

THE HUNTERS
Ojibway · 1908

"The two Chippewas, in full hunting regalia, were monotonously paddling a canoe back and forth over the blue waters of a lake in northern Minnesota," Reed wrote of the above photograph. "I had the bow Indian stolidly discharging an arrow at a certain buoy each time the birchbark passed it. 'More life to it, Yellow Face', I cried. 'You wouldn't shoot a deer in that fashion!' 'I'm not shooting a deer', he replied, 'I am shooting a tree'. 'Imagine a deer', I rejoined. 'Think you see a deer swimming, trying to get away'. 'How can I see a deer when there is no deer?' he quietly came back at me.

"To this there was no answer. The afternoon light was growing yellow but the shadows and reflections in the shining lake were at their best. I had been paying these fellows a regular wage for three days in an effort to get this one picture. Suddenly I drew out a handful of silver dollars and stuck them targetwise in the crevices of the tree bark. 'Make one more round, Yellow Face, while the light lasts', I shouted. 'Shoot at these silver dollars as you pass the buoy. Every one you knock down is yours'. On the next round the archer's eyes blazed with a savage light; his body quivered with all of the thrill of the hunt as he centered five silver dollars with seven whizzing shafts. When it was over the air still hummed with the twang of his bowstring, and I was out five dollars, but I had one of the very few animated Indian photographs in existence."

Opposite Page: It seems that Reed not only took great care in finding just the proper setting for this picture, but he also spent weeks selecting the Indians to take the parts of the two young lovers. When he finally found a young Chippewa woman who met his requirements as to features and physique, her husband turned out to be a squat, bow-legged Indian, not at all fitted for such a poetic scene. With her in mind, Reed combed the area for a more photogenic mate. Thirty miles away, he came upon a young brave who might have been the reincarnation of Hiawatha. Yet this Indian's wife, being nearly the same in all dimensions,

THE WOOING
Ojibway · 1908

would never do as the maiden. Somehow, Reed was successful in transplanting the entire families of the two people he had chosen (including parents, grandparents, younger brothers and sisters, dogs, and other adjuncts) from their homes to the location on Red Lake where he proposed to take the picture. Then it took no small exercise of diplomacy to get the young people together without exciting jealousy on the parts of their respective mates. Even then, it required additional days before they became well enough acquainted to enact their parts in the scene in a natural way.

BROKEN ARROW
Navajo · 1913

HIS DECISION came at the last possible moment. The Indians were on reservations, and most of the old ways were already but memories. Anthropologists from the Bureau of American Ethnology and several universities were also in the field, recording other aspects of Indian culture before it was too late. (A short twenty-five years later, Reed concluded that it was no longer possible to obtain authentic Indian pictures. The Indians' historic costumes and accouterments, he said, had all been sold to tourists, and few examples of pure racial types were still alive.)

Yet the photographs Reed produced comprise a haunting record of Indian life—not as he encountered it but as he envisioned it once had been. Choosing not to depict ragged reservation Indians, the photographer instead evoked the proud people of an earlier

ALONE WITH THE PAST
Navajo · circa 1913

era. Many of his photographs may appear, to the modern eye, contrived; his subjects, romanticized. Nonetheless, they give a vivid sense of an Indian world that is as yet unaffected and unmarred by the white man's encroachment.

In a personal letter, Reed once explained something of how he obtained his photographs: "In approaching the Indian for the purpose of taking his picture, it is necessary to respect his stoicism and reticence which have so often been the despair of the amateur photographer. A friend once characterized my method of attack as indicative of Chinese patience, book-agent persistence, and Arab subtlety. In going into a new tribe with photographic paraphernalia, although I hire ponies and guides, I never once suggest the object of my visit.

"When the Indians, out of curiosity, at

THE POTTERY MAKER
Hopi · 1913

last inquire about my work, I reply casually, 'Oh, when I'm at home, I'm a picture-taking man.' Perhaps within a few days an Indian will ask, 'You say you are a picture-taking man. Could you make our pictures?' My reply is non-commital—'I don't know. Perhaps.' 'Would you try?' 'Sometime, when I feel like making pictures.' Further time elapses; apparently the picture-taking man has forgotten all about making pictures until an Indian friend reminds him of his promise. Then the time for picture-making has arrived."

Most significantly, Reed insisted on achieving artistry as well as accuracy in his work. And therein lies the greatness of his photographs. Involving days or weeks of patient planning, and meticulous craftsmanship in execution, his pictures were made utterly without haste. Consequently, his output was never voluminous; his first three years among the Indians produced scarcely a score of negatives. Even in his most productive periods, Reed considered a dozen superior photographs a worthwhile reward for a year's effort.

Critics praised the composition, atmosphere, and accuracy of Reed's photographs. He was called by one, "a poet whose medium of expression is the camera." Reed himself viewed his work as an art form and would not sanction its use for commercial purposes. He never allowed his photographs to appear on postcards or calendars, and he once turned down an offer of $15,000 for approximately two hundred negatives rather than have his work used for advertising. The *National Geographic Magazine* became the only publication with rights assigned by Reed to publish his photographs.

Roland Reed's pictures are certain to be compared in purpose and style to those of Edward S. Curtis, who photographed American Indians during the same period. The fact is that the two men lived similar lives and shared much the same dream: to publish the ultimate record of the North American Indian. Reed and Curtis were both born in the

TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD
Piegan · 1912

1860s in southern Wisconsin; their boyhood homes were less than a hundred miles apart. Throughout their careers, their paths crisscrossed; both traveled the same circuit and photographed many of the same Indians. But whereas Curtis, aided financially by J. Pierpont Morgan and physically by many assistants, produced a magnificent twenty-volume work, *The North American Indian*, Reed's smaller body of photographs remained largely unpublished.

In particular, both Reed and Curtis were alike in their intent to re-create an Indian world devoid of the influences of white civilization. To this end, Curtis, like Reed, often "staged" his photographs and was even known to have carried at times a supply of authentic Indian clothing, as well as wigs, on his photographic expeditions. Reed and Curtis deliberately sought to idealize the Indian rather than depict him in strictly realistic terms. In this way, they hoped to evoke past glories rather than the poverty and loss they encountered in their own time.

For a time after Reed's death in 1934, his entire collection of photographs and glass-plate negatives remained in the hands of a cousin, Roy F. Williams, who used the pictures to illustrate Indian lectures he conducted for school children. Recently, heirs to the Williams estate sold the collection, including all reproduction rights, to Kramer Gallery in Saint Paul, Minnesota.

A magazine article in 1915 called Reed's photographs "camera scalps, trophies of a photographic Indian campaign." Reed's life work indeed constitutes an important "scalp" collection—offering a refreshing view of American Indian culture as interpreted by an expert and dedicated photographer during the early years of this century. **AW**

Patricia Condon Johnston *is a free-lance writer living in Afton, Minnesota. Much of her writing reflects her special interest in western American art and history.*

Buffalo Soldiers and a Cook Bicentennial

Marking the **bicentennial of Captain Cook's 1778 landing at Nootka Sound** on Vancouver Island, an international and interdisciplinary conference, "Captain James Cook and His Times," will be held April 26–29 at **Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, British Columbia.** The conference will focus on Cook's important third voyage, during which he discovered Hawaii, established British claims on the North American coast, and revealed the potential of the Nootka fur trade. Following the conference, participants will have the chance to see Nootka for themselves, either on a three-day land/sea excursion or on a one-day air flight. For further details, write Cook Conference, History Department, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada V5A 1S6.

Coinciding with the Cook conference, Simon Fraser University will display artifacts, maps, prints, and photographs illustrating Cook's North Pacific journals, while the **University of British Columbia** at **Vancouver** will hold a major exhibit of **Nootka Indian artifacts** at their new Museum of Anthropology. **Cook exhibits** will also be featured at the **Centennial** and **Maritime museums** in **Vancouver,** and the **Provincial** and **Maritime museums** in **Victoria.**

"Form and Freedom," an exhibition of masks, carvings, textiles, and inlaid and painted decorations by **Northwest Coast Indians** can be seen from March 25 through May 29 at the **California Palace of the Legion of Honor** in **San Francisco.**

A new **Cheyenne and Arapaho Museum and Archives** has recently opened near **Canton, Blaine County, Oklahoma.** The museum structure, which was used until 1882 to house troops of the Twenty-third U.S. Infantry, later served for many years as a boarding school for Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians. Restoration of the building, whose interior was gutted by fire in the 1950s, was accomplished with funds from the Economic Recovery Act.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK BY JOHN WEBBER

SEE NOTE AT LEFT ON COOK CONFERENCE

Gold miners and **historic preservationists** came into conflict in **Alaska** this past summer when two miners working a nonpatented claim near Denali, 150 miles northwest of Anchorage, bulldozed the abandoned mining town after hearing of plans to nominate it for the National Register of Historic Places. The two miners destroyed eight early twentieth-century buildings, including a general store, a two-story bunkhouse, and a building once used for gold processing. Bureau of Land Management attorneys are now considering whether charges can be brought against the two men, who feared that preservation activity would interfere with their claims in the area.

A new museum, the first in the nation dedicated to Black soldiers and their history, has been established at 324 W. Aspen in **Flagstaff, Arizona.** Called the **Buffalo Soldiers Historical Museum,** its collections include drawings by such artists as Frederic Remington and Paul Rossi, military documents, photographs, and artifacts depicting the heritage of the Black soldier. The museum, a nonprofit organization, is currently soliciting additional newspaper articles, photographs, letters, and paraphernalia for its research center, a facility open to historians and writers researching Black military history.

"Survival: Life and Art of the Alaskan Eskimo," a traveling exhibition organized by New Jersey's Newark Museum, can be seen at the **Illinois State Museum** in **Springfield** from April through June; the **Anchorage Historical and Fine Arts Museum** in **Alaska** in July and August; and the **Witte Memorial Muesum** in **San Antonio, Texas,** in September and October. The exhibit illustrates the difficulties of survival for Alaskan Eskimos, threatened both by a harsh environment and by cultural conflicts with modern American society.

Two western states will hold historical conferences in April. The **Tenth Annual Dakota History Conference** will take place April 7–8 on the campus of Dakota State College, **Madison, South Dakota.** For further information write H. W. Blakeley, Dakota State College, Madison, South Dakota 57042.

"The Land" is the theme of the **Nineteenth Annual Arizona Historical Conference,** sponsored by the University of Arizona and the Arizona Historical Society. The conference will be held April 28–29 in the **Sierra Vista–Fort Huachuca** area of the state. Inquiries should be addressed to Don Bufkin, 949 E. Second Street, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

"Photographing the Frontier," a Smithsonian Institution traveling exhibit featuring early-day photographs of pioneer life, can be seen March 1–31 at the **San Jose Historical Museum,** San Jose, California.

The Third North American Fur Trade Conference will be held in **Winnipeg, Manitoba,** May 4–6, 1978. The conference is sponsored by the Universities of Manitoba, Winnipeg, and Brandon; the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba; the Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature; Parks Canada; and the Hudson's Bay Company. A final program can be obtained by writing Fur Trade Conference 1978, P.O. Box 835, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 2R1. AW

Jack London

REVIEWED BY RICHARD W. ETULAIN

EVERY JANUARY, one hundred to one hundred fifty Jack London aficionados gather at the Sea Wolf Restaurant in Oakland to celebrate their hero's birthday. Outside the United States, reactions are even more enthusiastic, and in Europe and the Soviet Union, London remains a best-selling novelist. Despite such popularity, London is reserved a third-rate status in the American literary pantheon. The question is why.

Irving Stone's Jack London: Sailor on Horseback and 28 Selected Jack London Stories by Irving Stone *(Doubleday & Company, Garden City, 1977; 788 pp., $12.95).*

Jack London: The Man, the Writer, the Rebel by Robert Barltrop *(Pluto Press, London, 1976, distributed by Urizen Books, New York; 220 pp., illus., notes, index, $10.00).*

Jack: A Biography of Jack London by Andrew Sinclair *(Harper & Row, New York, 1977; 315 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $12.95).*

Part of the problem lies in the inadequacy of the early studies of London. His second wife, Charmian, produced a two-volume monument in 1921, and not until 1938 did Irving Stone argue that London was illegitimate and a suicide. Stone's book, just reissued as *Irving Stone's Jack London,* gained much attention for London, whose reputation had plummeted after his death in 1916. But Stone sensationalizes London's life, and he is an inadequate interpreter of London's writings. Some factual errors have been corrected in the present edition, but many others remain.

Robert Barltrop, an English writer, was convinced of the need for a study of London as "writer, socialist . . . and man." He claims to have added new information in his book, *Jack London: The Man, the Writer, the Rebel;* but readers acquainted with London will find little fresh material.

Barltrop is right, however, in questioning London's commitment to socialism, and he correctly emphasizes London's excessive "I want" philosophy. Barltrop praises London's working-class literature, but he is reluctant to deal with other works. Overall, Barltrop is fair: he admits London's shortcomings, and he avoids the melodramatics of Stone and Richard O'Connor and the sentimentality of Charmian London, in their respective biographies. His volume most resembles the study of London's daughter, Joan. Had Barltrop utilized Earle Labor's excellent critical study, *Jack London* (Twayne, 1974), and manuscript materials at the Huntington and Utah State libraries, his evaluations of London's life and writings could have been more comprehensive and persuasive.

Another Englishman, Andrew Sinclair, does provide a much-needed, fresh account of London's life in *Jack: A Biography of Jack London.* The first biographer since Stone to have access to London manuscripts, Sinclair has written an engrossing life story. He omits much of the misleading material written about London's boyhood, and he agrees with recent biographers that London was the son of William Chaney.

Sinclair asserts that by 1900, London was already a "maker of myths" about himself. He could not face reality: "Nothing was his own fault." In his early years he filled most of the large roles he cast for himself, but later, in his unwillingness to accept his limitations, he seemed marked for self-destruction.

Sinclair is on target with most of his interpretations. He notes the dualism of London's argument that man did not have a chance in a world of vast, uncaring wilderness but that endurance, hard work, and superior racial background would make a difference. London was both a pessimistic determinist and an optimistic racist. Sinclair is also persuasive in describing Charmian as London's ideal mate-woman, who "played girl" and "refused to grow up."

Sinclair makes large contributions in his treatment of London's final years. In a well-argued section on his death, he agrees with Joan London that Jack did not deliberately commit suicide but, in the middle of the night, took an overdose of drugs to counter an attack of pain.

Sinclair's biography is a superior work though not definitive. It is smoothly and persuasively written and especially full on London's private life. On the other hand, Sinclair zips by several important topics, and he skims over many of London's works. Most of his discussions of London's fiction are plot summaries or briefly-drawn parallels between London's life and writings. His book is not sufficiently strong on London's literary career to be definitive; there is yet room for an extensive literary biography.

But Sinclair's work, along with Labor's recent book on London's literary artistry, are pathbreaking studies. If Sinclair's volume is made available in paperback to displace Stone's work as the most available biography, many of the distortions in earlier studies may be corrected. And if another scholar can produce a full-scale monograph on London as a cultural figure, we shall have the necessary materials for a balanced view of London's place in American literary culture. AW

Richard W. Etulain *is a professor of history at Idaho State University. His* Jack London on the Road *will soon be published by the Utah State University Press.*

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RECENT WESTERN BOOKS

The Plate of Brass Reexamined *(Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, 1977; 83 pp., illus., appen., $5.00).*

The Bancroft Library has issued a fascinating pamphlet on the controversial "Drake Plate," discovered near San Francisco Bay in 1936 and believed by the late Professor Herbert Eugene Bolton and other historians to have been inscribed and left in the area by Sir Francis Drake in 1579. The Bancroft pamphlet presents the evidence, pro and con, on the plate's authenticity. Of particular significance are the recent chemical analyses of the plate made at the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory and at Oxford University. Both suggest that the plate is made of modern brass—and is therefore a fake.

Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of the West: Bibliography and Place Names—from Kansas West to California, Oregon, Washington, and Mexico by Thomas Probert *(University of California, Berkeley, 1977; 593 pp., index, $27.50).*

This definitive survey of the literature on lost diggings and fabled treasure troves should be of interest to both scholars and adventurers. More than eleven hundred authors are listed, as well as thousands of mines located in the western United States and Mexico.

Coyote Was Going There: Indian Literature of the Oregon Country compiled and edited by Jarold Ramsey *(University of Washington, Seattle, 1977; 295 pp., illus., map, intro., notes, biblio., $14.95).*

English professor and native Oregonian Jarold Ramsey has selected representative tales from the oral folklore of the Pacific Northwest Indians. Focusing on the Coyote, a trickster character common to all tribes, these mythological stories possess an extraordinary strength and simplicity.

Pueblo & Navajo Cookery by Marcia Keegan *(Morgan & Morgan, New York, 1977; 120 pp., illus., intro., $7.95 paper).*

Food is regarded as a sacred gift by American Indians, and its prayerful preparation is an art. Marcia Keegan's attractive paperback, illustrated with vivid color photos of Southwest Indian life, features recipes made with such traditional foods as corn, beans, squash, and chilies.

Bill Pickett, Bulldogger by Colonel Bailey C. Hanes *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1977; 207 pp., illus., biblio., index, $7.95).*

This is the first book-length biography of Black cowboy Willie N. Pickett, known as the originator of steer wrestling (bulldogging). Raised in Texas in the 1880s, Pickett became a star of the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, amazing audiences with his ability to bring a thousand-pound steer to the ground by biting it with his teeth.

Kansas—The Thirty-Fourth Star by Nyle H. Miller and the staff of the Kansas State Historical Society *(Kansas State Historical Society, 120 West 10th, Topeka 66612, 1976; 153 pp., illus., maps, index, $7.00 incl. postage).*

A reprinting has made this handsome volume available again. Issued in commemoration of the American Bicentennial, it contains a wealth of material—interesting old photographs as well as drawings and maps—all illustrating the lively and varied history of Kansas.

Los Angeles in Civil War Days, 1860–65 by John W. Robinson *(Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, 1977; 173 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., $20.00).*

This gracefully written book describes an era in Los Angeles history that has received little attention. Though the Civil War was fought elsewhere, author Robinson shows that its passions extended to Los Angeles, where local residents were sharply and vocally divided in their loyalties.

Second Fatherland: The Life and Fortunes of a German Immigrant by Max Amadeus Paulus Krueger, edited with an introduction by Marilyn McAdams Sibley *(Texas A&M University, College Station, 1976; 161 pp., illus., intro., index, $10.00).*

These memoirs by a once-consumptive German immigrant who found both health and wealth in Texas reveal an American success story. Arriving in 1868, Max Krueger worked as a stevedore, factory hand, cowboy, traveling photographer, merchant, rancher, and eventually, oil-machinery-company executive. His story is also the saga of a frontier society moving into the industrial age. AW

Rim-Rock and Sage: The Collected Poems of Maynard Dixon with an introduction by Kevin Starr *(California Historical Society, San Francisco, 1977; 158 pp., intro., illus., $29.95).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD H. DILLON

ADMIRERS of the art of Maynard Dixon will do well to acquire this title, to shelve next to Wesley Burnside's recent *Maynard Dixon, Artist of the West.* For this volume is truly a collector's item. Issued in a limited edition, it has been beautifully designed and printed by Andrew Hoyem, the inheritor of San Francisco's Grabhorn Press tradition of fine printing.

In a probing and perceptive introduction, historian Kevin Starr relates an almost unknown aspect of Dixon's artistic expression, poetry, to his real forte, painting. However, Starr perhaps approaches his subject a bit too closely and enthusiastically for comfort. While he is aware of the unevenness of Dixon's poetry (and *all* of it is here, good, bad, and indifferent), he elevates a competent writer into a "sometimes superb poet" and thereby lays himself wide open to debate. Dixon was serious, yes; talented, yes. Superb, no. His best poetic visions are not in text but in color, composition, and brush strokes.

However, the verse does help explain the great emotional power and intensity of the artist whose scenes transcend subject matter, whether desertscapes or Indian portraits like *Earth Knower,* Kevin Starr's favorite, or *The Witch of Sityatki,* this reviewer's choice (even over Maynard's offbeat, impressionistic, *Fat Squaw).* Starr's mini-psychobiography bares the often troubled soul of a sensitive man who was not only a passionate romantic, easily wounded in unrequited love, but who, under the seemingly tough hide of an aloof "loner," was terribly vulnerable.

Aside from his love poems, one theme runs all through Dixon's verse—a yearning for release, for escape, from the drab, workaday world to the sunlit freedom, peace, and space of the great Southwest deserts. Dixon saw himself as a prisoner of (figurative) time clocks. Occasionally, his musings become frightening; something of a death wish seems to enter his work as he dreams aloud of riding, alone, *beyond* the "rim of the world." AW

Richard H. Dillon's *biography of Oliver Hazard Perry,* We Have Met the Enemy, *will be a spring 1978 McGraw-Hill publication.*

Sister to the Sioux

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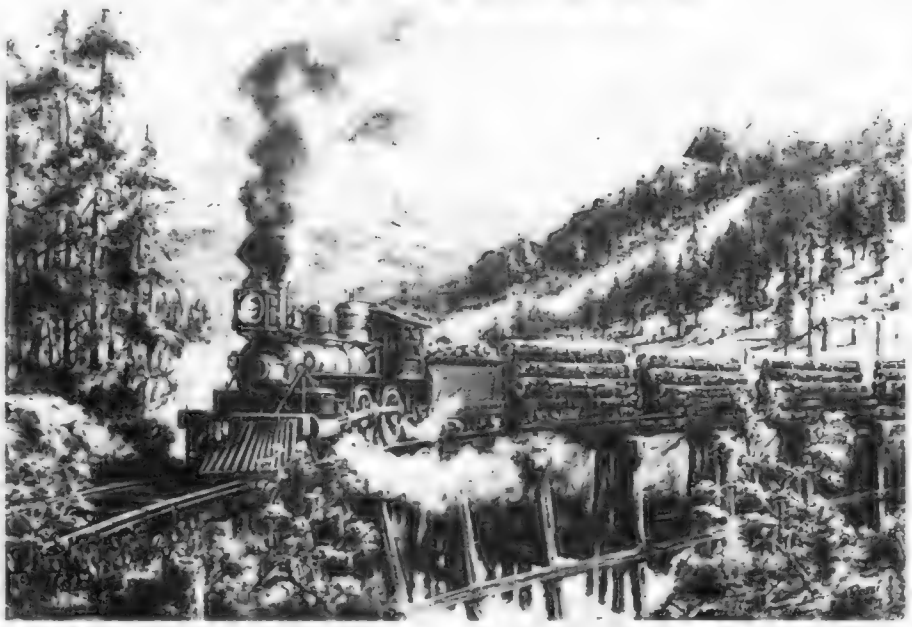

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Adventures in Western Art by Dean Krakel *(The Lowell Press, Kansas City, 1977; 395 pp., intro., illus., notes, index, $11.95).*

REVIEWED BY JAMES T. FORREST

THIS ADVENTURE is really an autobiography. But it is also more than that: it is a very revealing tale told by one of the most forthright, derring-do, shoot-from-the-coatpocket-at-full-gallop museum directors ever to assume that title. The story Dean Krakel unravels for the reader involves two museums and the real and fantasy world of what is commonly referred to as "Western Art," an area of pictorial representation dealing with the American West.

Krakel was the second director of the famed Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Gilcrease was solely responsible for the art which is now a part of the institute's vast holdings. Evidently, Krakel yearned to be a collector, too. He admired Tom Gilcrease and after the founder's death, the luster dropped from the institute directorship.

Krakel relates his years from 1964 to 1977 as the director of the Cowboy Hall of Fame in infinite detail, so much so, in fact, that most museum directors who read this book will cringe. Museum directors, like reporters, generally keep a fairly tight lip regarding their "sources," but Krakel leaves nothing out. He reveals the schemes and maneuvers used to raise funds to acquire art for an institution which opened its doors audaciously without a collection of any sort. No names are withheld either. Krakel seems to have met everyone involved in any aspect of the business of western art, and has been successful in obtaining art for the Cowboy Hall of Fame both from donors and by purchase.

The book is a revelation of the western art world and of the trials and troubles of museum directors involved in that field. One does question some aspects of the book because of Krakel's ill-defined standards of critical review for the art he acquires for his institution, but even more seriously because he fails to use effective self-criticism. Perhaps, with the enormous challenge he faced in creating a national institution with the benefit of only limited resources, he didn't have the time or the luxury for such processes. AW

James T. Forrest, *a past director of the Gilcrease Institute, is director of the University of Wyoming Art Museum.*

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Travis by Archie P. McDonald *(Jenkins Publishing Company, Austin, Texas, 1976; 214 pp., intro., biblio., notes, index, $12.50).*

REVIEWED BY ROBERT C. DAVIS

PROFESSOR MCDONALD'S biography of William Barret Travis represents the first complete biographical study of the enigmatic Alabamian attorney who, after March 6, 1836, became a Texas folk hero. Writing in a scholarly, reflective vein, McDonald traces the Travis fortunes from his birth in 1809 in Saluda County, South Carolina, to resistance and death in the Alamo.

To the author's credit, he does not embellish Travis as legend would dictate, but attempts, and with minor lapses, succeeds in revealing a balanced Travis, high-minded yet quick-tempered, romantic yet an adulterer. Arguing that "nearly everyone in America has heard of him, but few know anything substantive about him," the Stephen F. Austin State University history professor approaches William Barret Travis in an objective fashion and, in so doing, gleans several interesting facts about the Alabama lawyer turned military commander.

To cite but one example, McDonald argues that Travis's reasons for leaving Alabama in 1831, after cultivating a name and a law practice in Claiborne, stemmed from the young attorney's suspicions and "even concrete evidence of his wife's infidelity." Hard facts are missing, but the author's research indicates that Travis killed a man and then abandoned his wife Rosanna, his young son, and an unborn daughter.

Perhaps most revealing in *Travis* are the glimpses McDonald shares with the reader from Travis's personal diary. This "window to the soul" of Travis reveals numerous affairs of the heart and, like William Byrd in an earlier period, a vanity for fine gentlemen's clothing.

Professor McDonald is to be commended for giving the reader a fairly straightforward account of Travis's multifaceted life and also for providing a copious bibliography and selection of footnotes.

Travis should become a definite library addition for any dedicated student of Texas history. AW

Robert C. Davis *is a member of the Richland College Communications Department whose special fields of interest include Texas and Civil War history. He has also published two books of poetry.*

This Old House: The Story of Clara Rust by Jo Anne Wold *(Alaska Northwest Publishing Company, Anchorage, 1976; 262 pp., illus., $6.95 paper).*

REVIEWED BY ALFRED MONGIN

THIS OLD HOUSE is the autobiography of Clara (Hickman) Rust from her journey to central Alaska in 1908 to the marriage of her sixth child in 1948, as told to Jo Anne Wold.

It is a solid work of historical narrative, grounded in facts spun out with bursts of sourdough humor. The book is also a social history of central Alaska for those four decades, describing the life styles, dress, households, foods, entertainment, and religious customs of frontier Alaska. In addition, it is an excellent history of the physical growth of downtown Fairbanks during that significant period of change and growth as the transportation hub of central and northern Alaska.

This work is a product of Clara Rust's diaries combined with the author's extensive interviews with her, plus a lifelong study of Fairbanks, the author's hometown. A large body of articles, official reports, and graduate papers have documented bits and pieces of the history of Fairbanks, but no previous work has provided so clear and viable an account of life in Fairbanks during that period.

The Old House itself originally was the bare log-cabin home of Clara's parents, where she arrived from Seattle in 1908 and where she and Jesse Rust later raised their family. The house was enlarged, and the story grew as six children were born, as friends, relatives, and various others swelled its occupancy and filled out the life of this pioneer family.

Word pictures of other buildings, some of which are no longer standing, re-create life in that place and time. Also woven into the story are the fires and floods, medical problems, personal and economic hardships, and moral courage, through which three generations survived to create the sturdy and tenacious present generation of Alaskans.

Clara Rust, widowed in 1956, lives now in the Pioneers' Home in Fairbanks, an honored elder of Alaska. In the author, Jo Anne Wold, she and all the pioneers of modern Alaska have found a worthy voice. AW

Alfred Mongin *is architectural historian, Division of Parks, Alaska Department of Natural Resources. He previously served as Bureau of Land Management historian for the Trans-Alaska Pipeline Project.*

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The Green & the Gold

(Continued from page 21)

prominence in pre-Gold Rush California. Born in Dublin in 1817, he came to California in 1843, found he liked the country around San Francisco Bay, and determined to settle there. Trained as a surveyor, O'Farrell found steady employment plotting the boundaries of the large ranchos that bordered the bay. In 1847, the alcalde of the village of Yerba Buena asked the Irishman to lay out the town's streets. Working north as far as North Beach and west as far as Taylor Street, O'Farrell adopted an unusual plan for the area south of the town plaza, where he laid out a grid of streets at an oblique angle to the plaza grid. Cutting a broad avenue through the intersection of the two grids, he created the thoroughfare known as Market Street. Years after Yerba Buena became San Francisco, the Dublin-born surveyor was remembered by pedestrians and motorists who traversed the busy surface of downtown O'Farrell Street. But long before that, O'Farrell had retired to a large estate in Sonoma County, where he lived in a princely style that would have done justice to any of a hundred English squires in the Emerald Isle.

The Murphys, the Dens, and the O'Farrells found the pastoral setting of Spanish and Mexican California a congenial one in which to live and to work. Though they were men of ability, they were not (like the Yankees who visited the coast in ever-increasing numbers) driven by consuming ambitions, determined to build empires beside the Pacific. They were men of charm and humor, with a gift for words and an endearing warmth of manner, and, as such, they were eagerly sought after by the country's many marriage-minded *señoritas*.

Jasper O'Farrell

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The great flood of Irish immigrants who came to California in the wake of the potato famine and the gold discovery were spurred by different forces from those that motivated the Murphys, Dens, and O'Farrells. The new immigrants were, for the most part, impoverished farmers

and artisans, hungry men with hungry wives, children, mothers, and fathers—many of whom remained in New York or Boston while their sons, fathers, and husbands made the hazardous continental or Isthmian crossing to seek new stakes in the land of gold. They looked with pride to the Hibernians who had settled in the West before them (and to such prominent Irish-Americans as Brigadier General Stephen W. Kearny, who led American troops to New Mexico and California during the Mexican War and served as military governor of California, and Brigadier General Bennett Riley, Kearny's successor as governor, who called the convention which drafted a constitution for the state in 1849). But the experiences of such men offered more inspiration than example to the droves who now poured into San Francisco and the gold fields.

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Bennett Riley

IN CALIFORNIA, the new Irish immigrants found themselves awash in a sea of strangers speaking diverse languages. Of the nearly 22,000 foreign-born residents of California in 1850, only about 2,500 were Irish. More than 3,000 were English, about the same number Germans, 1,500 French, and the rest mostly Chinese, Italians, Mexicans, and Portuguese. But Irish immigration increased rapidly in the next few years, strengthened by an influx of American-, Canadian-, and Australian-born Irish. Writing to friends in Dublin in 1858, a San Francisco priest estimated that no less than one-third of the city's population was Irish. If the priest's reckoning was exaggerated, the calculations of the U.S. Census were not. They showed that in 1860 there were 33,000 Irish-born residents in California—22 percent of the total foreign-born population.

Despite their numbers, the Irish sensed a certain hostility in the Gold Rush environment. The prejudices which sustained centuries of English misrule in Ireland also flourished in the United States, and many Yankees carried them to the gold fields. The Vigilance Committees of 1851 and 1856 had a strong anti-Irish bent (the best-known victim of the 1856 Committee was an Irishman, James P. Casey), as did the nativist or Know-Nothing movement of 1854–58. The same priest who in 1858 estimated that one-third of San Francisco's population was Irish noted that most of the local Irish tried to deny their origins. "Mixing among Americans," he wrote, "they think it is a disgrace to be an Irishman."

Others formed associations to preserve their Irish identity and to ease the shock of adjustment to life in new and largely unfriendly surroundings. As early as 1854, there was a Hibernia Society of San Francisco and a Sons of the Emerald Isle. There were parades to celebrate Saint Patrick's Day, and wakes to ease the passage of the dead from this life to the next. The procession that formed in the plaza in San Francisco on March 17, 1854, was typical of Saint Patrick's Day festivities throughout the decade. Nearly a thousand marchers joined the parade, hundreds on horseback. All were gaily dressed, many wearing green sashes. "A fine band of music," wrote one observer, "and a beautifully painted flag, showing the wolf-dog and harp of Erin, headed the procession. There was much excitement among the Irish citizens, and *Erin go bragh* ['Ireland forever'] was the order of the day." When the parade concluded, the celebrants crowded into one of the city's largest saloons to quench their thirst and partake of a sumptuous dinner.

Though a few of the Irish immigrants to California were Protestants, most were Roman Catholics, and the Church of Rome was an Irish-American bastion throughout the Gold Rush. Some of the Spanish mission padres remained at their posts after 1850, but Irish priests early assumed the principal pastoral duties of the region. San Francisco's Saint Patrick's Church, founded by an Irish priest in 1851, was one of the state's largest parishes throughout the 1850s. Saint Mary's Cathedral, opened on California Street in 1854, was built mostly with Irish labor. Even Mission Dolores, ancient seat of San Francisco's Spanish Catholicism, was entrusted to the care of an Irish priest. Up into the gold fields, doughty Hibernians carried the sacraments to remote placers and swarming pit mines—to Nevada City, Columbia, Hangtown, and the new silver capital of the West, Virginia City, Nevada. When the Spanish-born Archbishop Joseph Sadoc Alemany retired from his San Francisco see in 1884, the Irish Patrick William Riordan succeeded him. To celebrate Riordan's succession, the city's Hibernians built a second and even more glorious Saint Mary's Cathedral, which opened on Van Ness Avenue in 1891.

CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A son of Ireland; San Francisco, 1854

The religious fervor of the Irish was nearly matched by their passion for politics. In New York in the 1840s, a handful of Irish-Americans had made an attempt to win elective office by alternately cultivating the establishment and organizing their own ethnic community. Resisted by the older and more established English and Dutch aristocracy, they met with little success. In California, where the native Spanish-speaking population was quickly outnum-

bered by foreign-born immigrants, there was no entrenched aristocracy to stem the Irish surge. The Irish organized many of the volunteer fire companies that throughout the fifties protected the burgeoning metropolis from fire. The companies were social clubs as much as fire-fighting organizations, and they quickly became centers of political recruiting.

The most dynamic politician in California in the 1850s was an Irish tavern-keeper-turned-assayer named David Broderick. Born in Washington, D.C., in 1820, Broderick

E. B. CROCKER ART GALLERY, SACRAMENTO

PORTRAIT BY STEPHEN WILLIAM SHAW

David Broderick

was the son of an Irish-born stonecutter who had emigrated to Baltimore in 1817 and later helped to build the capitol in Washington. Raised in New York City, Broderick operated a tavern and joined a volunteer fire company before declaring himself a candidate for Congress in 1846. His defeat was not unexpected, but the fact that he ran a strong second in a field of four candidates persuaded many observers that the Irish had become a force to be reckoned with in big city politics.

Joining the Gold Rush to California, Broderick became an assayer in San Francisco. He bought and sold real estate and soon acquired a substantial fortune, but business success could not keep him from his first love—politics. A talented orator and an indefatigable organizer, with Tammany connections and Jacksonian ideals, he quickly rose to the political leadership of San Francisco. After his election to the state senate in 1850, he was widely regarded as the most powerful single politician in the state. Condemned by his opponents as a "ruffian" and "state plunderer," Broderick was praised by his admirers as a faithful friend of the working man and a resolute opponent of slavery. He opposed the extra-legal Vigilance Committees of 1851 and 1856, once going so far as personally to attack a lynch mob in a vain attempt to save the life of an alleged burglar. Elected to the United States Senate in 1857 (he was perhaps the first Irish-American Catholic to become a member of that exclusive "club"), Broderick established himself as an outspoken critic of the Southern policies of President James Buchanan. When, in 1859, the chief justice of the California Supreme Court, Kentucky-born, pro-Dixie Democrat David Terry, challenged him to a duel, Broderick accepted reluctantly. The senator lived only three days after Terry put a fatal bullet in his chest, but it was long enough for him to leave a ringing condemnation of his political opponents: "I die because I was opposed to a corrupt administration and the extension of slavery."

IRISH-AMERICANS continued to play leading roles in California politics after Broderick's passing. Two of their number—John Conness and Eugene Casserly—became United States senators, and a third—John G. Downey—served as governor. In San Francisco in 1878, no less than eight of the twelve supervisors, the sheriff, most of the deputy sheriffs, the postmaster, one-third of the police force, and an estimated nine-tenths of the city's firemen were Irish-born or of Irish extraction.

A bright if short-lived meteor in the western political sky was the Irish drayman-turned-sandlot orator Denis Kearney. Born in County Cork in 1847, Kearney settled in San Francisco in 1872 and, five years later, became leader of the Chinese-baiting Workingmen's Party. Kearney's supporters made a strong showing in the elections of 1878 and played a prominent role in drafting the state constitution that was adopted the following year. Anti-Chinese feeling had been strong among the Irish since the beginning of the Gold Rush (Irish workingmen saw cheap Chinese labor as a threat to their own livelihoods), and the new constitution placed restrictions on Chinese employment in the state.

Though they were unusually active in politics and in religion, the Irish of the Gold Coast also achieved success in the arts. J. Ross Browne, born in Dublin in 1821 and a California resident after 1849, was perhaps the most prominent western writer of Irish background. His popular stories, travel journals, and essays presaged the style of broad, exaggerated humor that was later perfected by Mark Twain. One of the most popular, if controversial, actresses of the Gold Rush was the self-styled Lola Montez, whom the mad

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Lola Montez

King Ludwig I of Bavaria, in a fit of erotic passion, named Countess of Landsfeld. Montez claimed a noble Spanish ancestry, but those who knew her best recalled that she was born Dolores Gilbert in Limerick, Ireland, and that her current husband was the thoroughly Irish California newspaperman, Patrick Purdy Hull. Until the mid-seventies, an Irishman named Tom Maguire was the West's leading theatrical impresario. In 1851, Maguire built the Jenny Lind Theatre on San Francisco's plaza—a building so large and handsome that the city fathers bought it and made it into the city hall. Maguire then put up Maguire's Opera House and the Academy of Music, in which he introduced such stage luminaries as Junius Brutus Booth, Adah Isaacs Menken, and Edwin Forrest to western audiences. In 1866, Mark Twain made his auspicious debut as

a lecturer on the stage of Maguire's Academy of Music.

Though most of the Irish who came to California in the ten years after 1849 probably expected to make their fortunes in the gold fields, few made more than modest livings there, and none acquired great wealth. Those who sought their fortunes in San Francisco generally did better than those who braved the placers and pit mines.

Peter Donahue and his brother, James, set up a blacksmith and boilermaker shop in San Francisco in 1850, opened an iron works a year later, and, in 1852, organized the San Francisco Gas Company, which installed the city's first gas-fueled street-lighting system. James Phelan, who emigrated from Ireland as a youth, opened a saloon soon after arriving in San Francisco in 1849. By 1870, his extensive investments in local real estate and banks had made him one of the city's ten richest men. John Sullivan, Edward J. Martin, and Richard Tobin organized the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society in 1859, later reorganizing it as the Hibernia Bank, which became one of the state's most influential financial institutions.

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William S. O'Brien

PROSPEROUS as were the Donahues, Phelans, and Tobins, their success stories paled before those of the four Irishmen who became known as the "Silver Kings of the Comstock." John W. Mackay, James G. Fair and William S. O'Brien were all born in Dublin, though there is no record that they were acquainted before they met in California, while James Clair Flood, who first saw the light of day in New York City in 1826, was the son of poor Irish refugees who had recently crossed the Atlantic on an emigrant ship. Mackay and Fair spent most of the fifties hunting gold in the Sierra, Flood and O'Brien operating a saloon on the San Francisco waterfront. Then in 1859, two itinerant Irish prospectors named Patrick McLaughlin and Peter O'Riley happened on a rich vein of gold and silver in the alkali desert of western Nevada—a vein later known throughout the world as the Comstock Lode. The prospectors sold their claims too early to realize any great wealth from them, but other Irishmen were to profit wonderfully from the discoveries. When the Sierra miners Mackay and Fair formed a partnership with the San Francisco saloonkeepers Flood and O'Brien (who had recently become members of the San Francisco Mining Exchange), the stage was set for one of the most spectacular success stories in the history of Irish-American finance. Gaining control of the Comstock through shrewd stock manipulations, Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien began the not-unpleasant task of dividing among themselves an estimated $400,000,000 worth of gold and silver bullion. Flood used his share of the treasure to build fabulous mansions on San Francisco's Nob Hill and on the peninsula south of the city. The bachelor O'Brien bought elegant gowns and carriages for his sisters. Fair acquired substantial chunks of western real estate and, in 1879, got himself elected United States senator from Nevada. Mackay founded the Postal Telegraph Company and financed his social climbing wife's successful assault on the citadels of European society.

Flaunting their new wealth as flagrantly as any of their Yankee counterparts, the Irish millionaires began to shop for "suitable matches" for their marriageable daughters. One of John Mackay's sisters-in-law became the bride of the Italian Count Telfner, while Mackay's adopted daughter married Ferdinand Julian Colonna, Prince of Galarto. Anna Donahue, daughter of Peter, married the German Baron Henry von Schroeder. Though James Fair's daughters married Americans, their matches were quite as stunning as the foreign alliances. Tessie Fair became Mrs. Herman Oelrichs of New York and Newport, Rhode Island, and settled down to life in a palatial mansion on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. Tessie's sister, Birdie, married William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in the process becoming the sister-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough.

Several years before the Fair-Vanderbilt nuptials, a writer for San Francisco's weekly *Argonaut* laughed at the posturing of the Irish *nouveau riche,* writing: "We have a millionaire among us! . . . His name is MacDooligan. . . . The present partner of the joys and sorrows of MacDooligan was once the beautiful Bridget MacShinnegan. . . . The MacShinnegan coat of arms is a spalpeen rampant on a field of gold; their motto *'De profundis saltare!'* The family is going to Paris while father remains to superintend the erection of a palatial mansion on Nob Hill. . . . *Louis Quatorze?* Renaissance? . . . Their manner is now *distingué,* their society *recherché,* their appearance *debonnaire,* their actions breathe a *savoir faire*." To be satirized in the press was the unmistakable mark of social success in the Gilded Age. If the *Argonaut*'s words proved anything, it was that the Gold Coast Irish had "arrived."

Or at least some of them had. Others—perhaps most—had found the Gold Rush a gorgeous but exquisitely fragile bubble. As the nineteenth century closed, most of the Irish in the West were still working men, still carrying lunch pails to dreary jobs six days a week, still drinking riotously on Saturday nights and suffering remorsefully through Sunday mass. In his old age, an Irish prospector who once struck it rich but later lost his fortune recalled his rise and fall by the names he had been called during his western career:

"Quinn
Pat Quinn
C. Patrick Quinn
Col. Cornelius Patrick Quinn
Col. C. P. Quinn
Patrick Quinn
Pat Quinn
Old Quinn"

The experiences of many of Pat Quinn's countrymen

were parallel to his own. For some, the Irish migration to the West was fully as wonderful as, years before, the Tunisian patriarch had promised it would be. If the experience of others only hinted at the glory of the seer's prediction, the hint was enough to renew the promise, to sustain the vision, to perpetuate the mystical faith. For it was the vision that nurtured the faith, and the faith that sustained the people. That alone was glory enough for most of the Irish of the Gold Coast. **AW**

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Brian McGinty *is a San Francisco attorney and writer who contributes frequently to* The American West. *His most recent book is* The Palace Inns: A Connoisseur's Guide to Historic American Hotels.

PAGAN INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 9)

and balm, scraped and tanned skins, and made or mended moccasins. I never cared to handle a gun, but took care of my own pony and shared in the women's work except for dressing meat and tanning skins. Their method took but a short time and left the skin beautifully soft and white. If they wanted to give it the deep yellow tint that is more useful for hard wear, they smoked it over a pit filled with burning sagebrush. Moccasins sold freely to the settlers at a dollar a pair.

Rattlesnakes were common and before going into camp near a prairie dog town, where they abounded, it was customary to beat the ground thoroughly. I saw many killed and was sometimes presented with the rattles.

I think it was on the Loup that a charming little waterfall, called "Whispering Water" by the Sioux, sang so loud that my pony refused to go near. I dismounted and went to admire it while the others made camp. Soon Whirling Hawk signaled with his blanket for his fastest pony. Esther went to his aid and they had a hard chase after a wounded buck, bringing him in after dark in the teeth of a violent thunder shower. One windy morning, my cotton dress caught from the campfire and was extinguished just in time by one of the women. Such were some of the unforeseen excitements that varied our days.

THOUGH IN THOSE YEARS the settlers were a hard-riding, rough-spoken set, to say the least—and traditionally there was "no law west of the Missouri River"—my own experience was uniformly pleasant. At a large cattle ranch with extensive buildings, we found ten young American cowboys and a more mannerly, good-humored crowd one could hardly hope to meet anywhere. They called upon us in a body after the day's work was done, and the great herd of seven hundred longhorns massed on the shores of a large alkali lake gave forth a sound like distant thunder.

One gentlemanly youth was anxious to buy a pair of moccasins. "But fifty-five cents is all I have in the world," he naively declared, pulling a handful of silver out of his breeches pocket and looking at it with a comical air of concern. "Can't you make it up for me, fellows?"

One handed over a quarter, another a dime. "Thank you! Only ten cents more!" Somebody dug up three copper cents. It finally appeared that ninety-three cents was all they could get together among them, and this the owner of the moccasins was persuaded to accept.

"Why, if that isn't my brand on them!" the young man exclaimed, scanning the beaded pattern with delight. "Evidently they were always meant for me!"

"Do any of you shoot wolves?" another inquired. "The boss will pay five dollars apiece for their scalps. They kill no end of calves." We heard later of bounties up to twenty-five dollars being offered by cattlemen, but none was earned by our party. I think traps and poison were more successful methods for ridding the range of this pest.

Settlers everywhere we went were friendly and even generous to the Indians, showing no trace of ill-feeling. One day Whirling Hawk—familiarly called "Limpy" in Sioux, though the slight lameness resulting from an old knife wound never kept him quiet—came home proudly displaying the third hat that had been given him since we started, none of which he ever thought of wearing. Some-

one gave him an old pair of trousers and these his wife cut over into leggings, worn with a gay calico shirt and a cotton bandanna wound turban-wise about grizzled locks. It entertained him vastly to pose as a destitute wanderer and invite gifts of all kinds, merely in order to make endless fun of gift and giver. He begged regularly for unneeded food, on the theory that he was collecting a debt from the greedy white man on the installment plan, and had no hesitation at all, after enjoying two hearty breakfasts at his own and another's fireside, in asserting that he hadn't tasted a mouthful for two days. Really, the old fellow was a humorist!

"A strange, uncouth landscape," comments my diary. "Today we rode into the queerest little town—half a dozen board and sod shanties, smothered in immense sunflowers and clouds of sand." The town was called Whitman and had the great advantage of a location on the railroad. Besides the station and freight house, it contained two stores, a "saloon and restaurant," and the office of the county clerk. I was told that actual residents numbered just fifteen, but that many land-seekers and hunters traded there.

I made the acquaintance of the saloonkeeper's wife—once more "a nice little woman—lives in a queer, bare place"—was invited to supper and reported the supper good. I arranged to have my mail forwarded there and rode over ten days later on the noon freight from Bingham, then merely a section-house where trains would stop on signal. On this second visit I collected twelve overdue letters—one with a welcome check from a magazine—was kindly entertained overnight and slept little, what with a poor bed, hosts of fleas, and racket of trains at midnight when the passenger train went through. This was my only night indoors in nine long weeks. Being again in funds, I bought some fruit and candy wherewith to treat my fellow-campers, and came back next day on the freight, sitting gaily up aloft, sharing a watermelon with the genial conductor.

It gave me no little amusement throughout the trip to be accosted by strangers—plainly meaning no offense—with: "Can you talk American?," "Why, you've been to school, I guess," or (doubtfully) "Were both your parents white folks?" True, I wore a calico frock and moccasins, with my sun-bleached hair in a long braid down my back, donning shoes and a hat only when going to town, and a naturally clear skin was deeply tanned from constant exposure. In spite of appearances, no one was less than civil and it would have been the simplest thing possible to stop off somewhere and "grow up with the country."

In one ambitious hamlet, I was not only asked to Sunday school and Sunday dinner with one of the leading citizens (an invitation promptly accepted), but after further conversation was warmly pressed to take charge of the just built district school, of which they were intensely proud. Even if, in a moment of discouragement, a half-starved homesteader might assert the sand hills to be "the very worst country on the face of God's green earth," I was likely to read next day in some smudged local sheet the truly American boast: "Come to the Arcadia and El Dorado, the Elysium and Hesperides of the world!" (This is a literal quotation.)

Among our callers from time to time were typical parties of emigrants in well-filled covered wagons, parties of big-game hunters returning from the Bighorn Mountains, and a "chicken outfit" tenting nearby—pot-hunters killing prairie chickens in quantity for city markets. A nice old man, who said he had taught school forty-two terms, showed us the rain gauge and thermometers with which he took official observations for the Weather Bureau, as well as a map on which for the first time I traced our route, covering some four hundred miles.

Yellow Eyes, our medicine man, treated the schoolteacher's son and daughter by request, actually receiving one dollar for professional services! Others met were the county commissioner, who telegraphed an item about us to the Omaha paper, and the county superintendent of schools with his pretty, soft-spoken wife. She inquired mildly whether I traveled with Indians "to keep them in order." One man suggested that I take them east as a "show." "There's dollars in it!" (And so it has proved, both then and since, but showmanship was never in my line.) A traveling photographer insisted upon taking a group photograph—the men standing at attention, gun in hand, while we women, heavily shawled, sat meekly in a row in the middle foreground.

The only dull days were the occasional rainy ones, when there wasn't a thing to do but sit in the tent on a pile of damp quilts and listen to the same interminable tales, told over and over again. I used to work rather half-heartedly on a pair of moccasins that I was awkwardly trying to embroider with stiff porcupine quills, and long for something—anything—to read. (I had brought no book except a pocket Testament in Dakota.) There were days, too, when a meat diet would pall and the craving for fresh fruits and something sweet would become a torment. Once a stolen handful of green apples set me to baking a "pie" in a frying pan.

I have been asked whether the plain speech of the Sioux was not offensive, and would answer that the women's chatter was like that of a child—too matter-of-fact to be obscene. Since there are no polite circumlocutions in the language, they, of course, called a spade a spade. Profanity in Sioux is unknown. Perhaps from instinctive delicacy, the men were careful of their speech in my presence. The superstitious dread of taking food from the hand of a woman undergoing her "mysterious" monthly ordeal was still current, and I had been warned that it might lead to embarrassing questions. However, I was spared any personal reference to *isnati*—the solitary lodge.

Antelope were now abundant. Once a herd of thirty was seen, of whom six fell to the hunter—a time of plenty and rejoicing! Whirling Hawk was by far the best marksman in the party and his elder wife, a motherly, good-humored creature, shared freely with the other four families. However, jealousy and ill-feeling developed between her and Mrs. Blackstone, a notoriously bad-tempered woman, ending in a general war of words and even worse. One day when I happened to be away from camp, my hostess was not only vehemently accused of stinginess—the unforgivable sin—but actually attacked with a hatchet! The two women were separated by the men before any damage was

done, and the Blackstones naturally packed up and departed immediately.

A few days later, a little girl was born to Mrs. Crooked Foot the younger on the open prairie. There were a few minutes of confusion and much running to and fro, with calls for a sharp knife and a piece of string. Soon the baby was carried home by a friend, neatly done up in an oblong bundle, and the mother walked unaided to her place in the tent. The incident caused less excitement than the discovery of a beaver dam at about the same time, and far less than the quarrel I have described.

WHILE WE WERE STILL some two hundred miles from White River, returning unhurriedly by a different route, our unconventional journey ended suddenly in stark tragedy. As everyone knows, it was and still is illegal to sell liquor to Indians (except citizens off the reservation). Now and then, the men contrived to buy a bottle of "painkiller" or lemon extract and indulged in a mild spree. So I thought nothing of it when partly aroused one night by distant sounds of revelry.

Next morning, Whirling Hawk did not stir. His young wife bent over him, found him stiff and cold, and started back with a shriek. Instantly, screams rent the air and the camp was thrown into confusion as the death became known.

My questions brought information that Yellow Eyes had secured something to drink—no one knew what—at a solitary store a few miles behind us, that all had partaken of it and had suffered with chills and severe nausea. Fortunately, all but one recovered. I made them drive me back. The terrified storekeeper, when I told him what had happened, swore that the Indian had only a bottle of harmless "bitters" together with a tincture of aconite [the dried tuberous root of monkshood, formerly used as a sedative] in another bottle. He [Yellow Eyes] had pretended this last was for a sick horse. It seemed that they had combined the two, and that only the quantity of the poison, producing active vomiting, had saved the lives of the others.

The man was badly frightened, and made no difficulty when ordered to provide a coffin. The body was placed in the rough pine box, lifted into the wagon, and we set out for home, breakfastless and miserable. The two widows cried and wailed aloud until so hoarse that they could no longer utter a sound. It was now late in September and the weather began to be cold. It was after dark when we made camp. The women instantly set to work on a new shirt for the dead man. They refused to eat. I was given a little hot food—the first that day—in Crooked Foot's tent and went to bed worn out.

Without a taste of hardship as well as pleasure, my experience of primitive life would not have been the real thing. Of course, I might have made for the nearest waystation on my pony and taken the train for Chamberlain. Unthinkable to abandon my two "sisters" in their bitter distress! According to custom, they had immediately given away their whole stock of food and their pots and pans. Provision for the three devolved entirely upon me. They would not cook and were hardly to be prevailed upon to eat what I prepared. This record of the second day after the catastrophe is taken from my diary: "Up before sunrise—no food until late afternoon—got into camp after dark in a steady rain, without a scrap of anything to burn. Esther and I take the ponies to water, and call at a house half a mile away to beg a little wood. We get it, dry ourselves by the fire, and go to bed. Forty miles today."

It had been, I suspect, in the back of my mind to meet that persuasive, blue-eyed bachelor once more, but the fates ruled otherwise. "A kind ranchman helped us up a bad hill," I wrote, "but it was not *the* one." We crossed the Niobrara in safety, first staking out the ford and putting four horses to each wagon. Then, says the record, "we three women hurry on ahead of the others and travel at top speed until too dark to see. I buy a loaf of rye bread at a settler's cabin and we make a dry camp."

By this time, the overworked horses are ready to give out. Even my own petted gray must be whipped and urged continually, taking his turn in harness, while from the back of the wagon the sad, cold odor of mortality is already diffused upon the air.

We reach home on the fifth day and send for Mr. Walker to conduct a funeral service over our pagan leader. I recall our tolerant minister's generous praise of the widows, who had done their duty as they saw it, in bringing their dead to lie among his kindred on the bluffs above the tawny river. It was a strange ceremony. Mrs. Whirling Hawk's bare legs are criss-crossed with bleeding red lines. Her hair is chopped off short; the fringes are gone from her ragged shawl; and in the pauses of the prayer book ritual all the women wail aloud, as if mourning a world that is lost.

Soon after Elaine Goodale's return from the hunt, a new, reform-minded commissioner of Indian affairs appointed her supervisor of education among the Sioux. In the course of her duties she happened to be at the Pine Ridge agency toward the end of 1890, a year of extraordinary hunger and disillusionment for the Indians. She and the agency physician, Charles A. Eastman, a mixed-blood Sioux, were drawn to each other by their mutual concern for the reservation's inhabitants: "We became engaged under the Christmas tree he had helped me trim for the children of 'our people', who, shivering in their cotton tipis, still awaited we knew not what disaster." A few days later they shared in the heartbreaking job of caring for the survivors of the Wounded Knee Massacre.

Although Goodale's official career ended with her marriage to Dr. Eastman in 1891, she never gave up her literary interests. She collaborated with her husband, who earned a measure of renown as a lecturer and author, on nine books and wrote seven under her own name. In addition, she continued to write on current Indian matters virtually until her death in 1953. **AW**

Kay Graber *is associate editor of the University of Nebraska Press. Her publications include an edition of* The Ponca Chiefs: An Account of the Trial of Standing Bear *by Thomas Henry Tibbles and a* Nebraska Pioneer Cookbook.

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RODMAN PAUL, current president of the Western History Association, received his doctorate in history from Harvard in 1943. He has taught there and at Yale, and since 1947, at the California Institute of Technology, where he is Edward S. Harkness Professor of History. A specialist in western economic and social history, his books include *California Gold: The Beginning of Mining in the Far West; Mining Frontiers of the Far West, 1848–1880;* and *A Victorian Gentlewoman in the Far West: The Reminiscences of Mary Hallock Foote.*

Joe B. Franz, WHA vice president, earned his Ph.D. in 1948 from the University of Texas, where he is now Walter Prescott Webb Professor of History and Ideas. His publications include *The American Cowboy, Myth and Reality* and *Texas, A Bicentennial History*. His principal field of interest is the cowboy.